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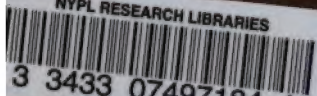
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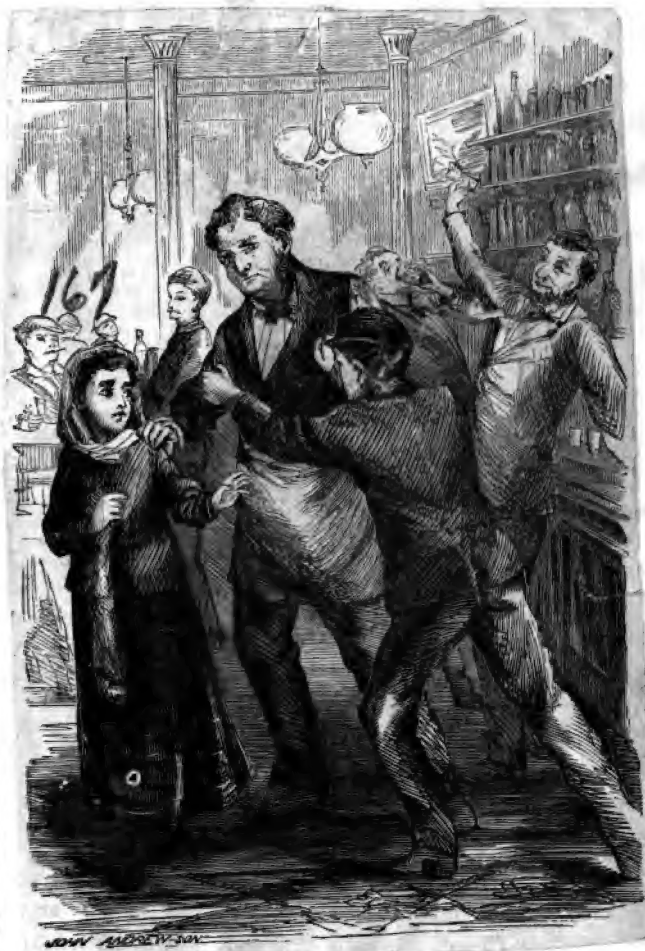
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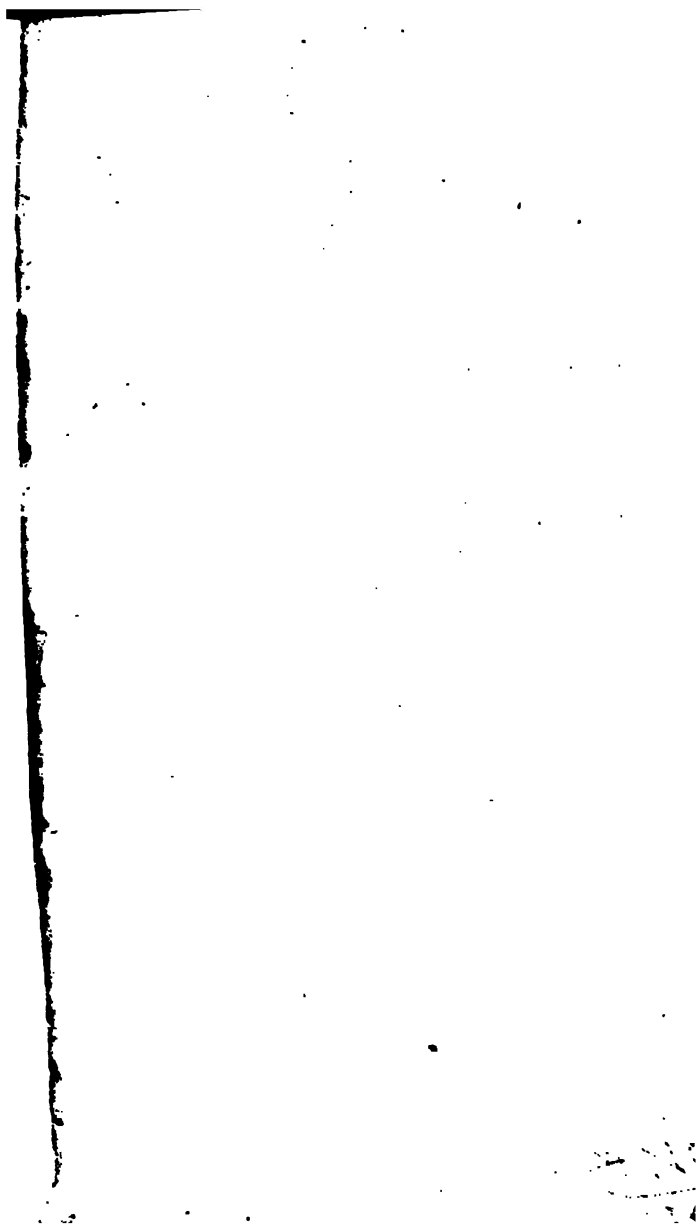
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THE
P L A Y S
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.



THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

ACCURATELY PRINTED
Edinburg
FROM THE TEXT OF MR. MALONE'S EDITION;

WITH
SELECT EXPLANATORY NOTES.

[By John Nichols, F.S.A. printer]

[In Seven Volumes]
VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING
JULIUS CÆSAR,
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. BATHURST, T. PAYNE AND SON, W. AND
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J U L I U S C Æ S A R.

VOL. VI.

B

Persons Represented.

Julius Cæsar.

Octavius Cæsar,

Marcus Antonius,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, Senators.

Marcus Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius, and Marullus, Tribunes.

Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

Cinna, a Poet. Another Poet.

**Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Volum-
nius; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.**

**Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; Ser-
vants to Brutus.**

Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

**SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome: after-
wards at Sardis; and near Philippi.**

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. **H**ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get
you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1. *Cit.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, fir; what trade are you?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2. *Cit.* A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2. *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with me:
yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

2. *Cit.* Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. *Cit.* Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's mat-
ters, but with awl. I am, indeed, fir, a surgeon to old
shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them.
As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have
gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2. *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]
See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar.

• With honorary ornaments; tokens of respect.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

5

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies ². I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter, in procession, with musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS³, CICCERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CÆSCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cæsca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Musick ceases.*]

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chafe,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Musick*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Cæsca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Musick ceases.*]

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

B 3

I hear

² Cæsar's trophies, are, the crowns which were placed on his statues.

³ This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass.

[*Sennet.*⁴ *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamestome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand⁵
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference⁶,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cæs.

⁴ *Sennet*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *sennoße*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

Sennet may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger.

⁶ With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish, and shout.]
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Chooße Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—

B 4

Bru

* To invite every new protester to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths.



But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
 And I will look on both indifferently^s:
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If

^s Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural? JOHNSON.

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly⁹;

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestick world¹;

And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!

I do believe, that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæs. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

B 5

When

⁹ A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of a false piece of wit: a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours.

¹ This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the Olympic games.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once², that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil³ to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear: and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things,
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this⁴;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us⁵.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

Re-ente CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
 And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:— But, look you, Cassius,
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And

² — *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus.*

³ I should think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil.*

JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil.* STEEVENS.

⁴ Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this.

⁵ *As,* in our authour's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that.*

JULIUS CÆSAR.

11.

And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret^e and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cæs. Cæsa will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no musick :
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train. CÆSAR says behind.]

Cæsa. You pull'd me by the cloak ; Would you speak
with me ?

Bru. Ay, Cæsa ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Cæsa. Why you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Cæsa what had chanc'd.

B 6

Cæsa

* A ferret has red eyes.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him : and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice ; What was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it : And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you : What ? did Cæsar swoon ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like ; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and dis-
pleased

JULIUS CÆSAR.

13

pleased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man⁷.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation⁸, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understood him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewel both. [Exit CASCA.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,

How-

⁷ No true man.—] No honest man.

⁸ Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat.

14 JULIUS CÆSAR.

However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd⁹: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me¹. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure:

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Street.

Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CÆSCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Cæscæ: 'Brought you Cæsar home²?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Cæscæ.

⁹ The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

¹ The meaning I think is, Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.

² — Brought you Cæsar home?] Did you attend Cæsar home?

Cæsa. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth³ Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero, I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cæsa. A common slave (you know him well by sight) Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd. Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who gaz'd upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me: And there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets. And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, *These are their reasons,—They are natural;* For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose⁴ of the things themselves. Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cæsa. He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Cæsa: this disturbed sky

Is

³ — sway of earth—] The whole weight or momentum of this globe.

⁴ Clean is altogether, entirely.

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,

Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds^s, and beasts, from quality and kind^s;

Why old men fools and children calculate⁶;

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

Their

^s That is, Why, they *deviate* from quality and nature.

⁶ *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel]. WARBURTON.

Shakspeare found the liberty justified. To calculate a nativity, is the technical term. JOHNSON.

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
 Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
 Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs⁷ like to their ancestors;
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
 And he shall wear his crown, by sea, and land,
 In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
 So every bondman in his own hand bears
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas.

⁷ — *Prodigious* is portentous.

⁸ *Thews* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
 Before a willing bondman: then I know
 My answer must be made^o: But I am arm'd,
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca: and to such a man,
 That is no hearing tell-tale. Hold my hand¹:
 Be factious for redress² of all these griefs;
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me
 In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element,
 Is favour'd like the work we have in hand,
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
 He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you; Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
 To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin.

¹ I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words.

² — Hold my hand:] is the same as, Here's my hand.

³ Factious seems here to mean active.

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he fits high in all the people's hearts:
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

I would

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof³,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru.

³ *— common proof,*] It is proved by common experience.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

21

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome—*Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress!—*Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of a man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru.

* — your brother Cassius—] Cassius married Junia, Brutus' sister.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour^s.

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on⁶,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word?

[*They whisper.*
Dec.

^s Any distinction of countenance.

⁶ If thou walk in thy true form.

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon; fir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men⁷,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter⁸? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize⁹,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,

To

⁷ Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON.

⁸ And will not fly from his engagements

⁹ The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us.

To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be bury'd in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
 Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,

Cæsar

* *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*.

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought¹, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies²:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terrour of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

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C

And

¹ — *takes thought*,] That is, *turns melancholy*.

² *Main opinion* is leading fixed predominant opinion. JOHNSON.

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does ; being then most flattered.

Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him³ :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you,
Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes⁴ ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy ;
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you now ?
It is not for your health, thus to commat
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole

3 — by him :] That is, by his house. Make that your way home,

4 Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs.

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition^s,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy : and what men to-night

C 2

Have

5 On your temper ; the disposition of your mind.

Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the chaffery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste.

[*Exit PORTIA.*

Enter LUCIUS, and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

Bru.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I there discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up⁶

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going

To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you;

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

C 3

Cæs.

⁶ *Exorcist* in Shakspeare's age signifies one who raises spirits by in-
chantment.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies⁷,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end⁸,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter

⁷ i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

⁸ This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible ;

And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day :

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well ;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them, that I will not come to-day ;

Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;

I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lye ?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth ?—

Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

C 4

Cæs.

The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.
 But, for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know.
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home ;
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which
 Like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
 And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
 And evils imminent ; and on her knee
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
 It was a vision, fair and fortunate :
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognisance^a.
 This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
 And know it now ; The senate have concluded
 To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word, you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;

And

^a This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions ; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance* ; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

And reason to my love is liable ^a.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius, *Enter* Lig.

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o'nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, *[Aside:]*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The same. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come

C 5

not

^a And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.

not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive³.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA, and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard

³ The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit*,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

* These words Portia addresses to *Lucius*, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[advances to Cæsar.]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive. —
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand⁵.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart:—

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance⁶, and first decree,
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:

But

⁵ To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—
You are the first that rears his hand.

⁶ *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established.

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive⁷;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one⁸
That unassailable holds on his rank⁹,
Unshak'd of motion¹: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute:—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should

⁷ Susceptible of fear, or other passions.

⁸ — but one—] One and only one.

⁹ Perhaps, holds on his race; continues his course. We commonly say, To hold a rank, and To hold on a course or way.

¹ Unshak'd by suit or solicitation, of which the object is to move the person addressed.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing ;—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd :

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :—
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In state unborn ², and accents yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :

Bru

² In theatrical pomp yet undisplayed.

Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank ?

If

¹ Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the publick safety.

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna :—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe⁴.

O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie ?

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;

But what compact mean you to have with us ?

Will you be prick'd in number of our friends ;

Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands ; but was, indeed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all ;

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,

Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :

Our reasons are so full of good regard,

That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,

You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek :

By

⁴ *Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death* ; and we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell*.

And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you—
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body,
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
'Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times^s.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To

^s — in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times.

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth.
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming ;
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
 O Cæsar !—

[Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
 Begun to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE.

SCENE II.

*The same. The Forum.**Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.**Cit.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—*Cassius*, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;

And publick reasons shall be rendered

Of *Cæsar's* death.1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.2. *Cit.* I will hear *Cassius*; and compare their reasons;
When severally we hear them rendered.[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.*]3. *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended; Silence!*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say, that Brutus' love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer,—Not that I loved *Cæsar* less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As *Cæsar* loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude,

that

that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'd in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

Enter ANTONY, and Others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1. *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2. *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3. *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1. *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2. *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1. *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

1. *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3. *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4. *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3. *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2. *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, —

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You

You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1. *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings;

2. *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3. *Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4. *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the
 crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1. *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2. *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3. *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4. *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor⁶ to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins⁷ in his sacred blood ;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And,

⁶ The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.

⁷ i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen.

Napkin is the northern term for *handkerchief*, and is used in this sense at this day in Scotland. Our authour frequently uses the word.

And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4. *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4. *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4. *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2. *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3. *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1. *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2. *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all :
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood⁸, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity⁹ : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors..

1. *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2. *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3. *Cit.* O woeful day !

4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1. *Cit.* O most bloody fight !

2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd : revenge ; about,—seek,
—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1. *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2. *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;

What

⁸ The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it.

⁹ *The dint of pity :*] is the impression of pity.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

39

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise, and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well
 That gave me publick leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither writ¹, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
 I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
 And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

3. *Cit.* We'll mutiny.

1. *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3. *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why friends, you go to do you know not what;

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy five drachmas².

2. *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his death.

3. *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

D 2

His

¹ I have no *pennd* and premeditated oration.

² A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1. *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4. *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work: Milchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing,

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

The same. A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name?

2. *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3. *Cit.*

3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2. *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2. *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1. *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4. *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3. *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly,

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1. *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4. *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4. *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3. *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Antony's house.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die ; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die ; Consent you, Lepidus ?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live ; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

Meet to be sent on errands : Is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand

One of the three to share it ?

Oct. So you thought him ;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,

In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,

Either led or driven, as we point the way ;

And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,

And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;

But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,

I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;

His

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
 Are levying powers: we must straight make heads:
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
 And bay'd about with many enemies;
 And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
 In his own change, or by ill officers,
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
 Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
 I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
 But that my noble master will appear
 Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly.—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

i. e. your grievances.

Bid

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Br. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS, and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Br. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence* should bear his comment.

Br. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Br. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Br. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

D 5

Cas.

* — every nice offence—] i. e. small trifling offence.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself.
 To hedge me in⁵; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions⁶.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius. -

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart
 break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:-

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
 I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me:

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas.

⁵ That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

⁶ That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which
 are at my disposal.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me^a.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

D 6

Cas.

^a 7 This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. *For to wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingness* to quit his hold.

^b The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me*.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brut. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is awearied of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brut. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Brut. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brut. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Brut. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes

9 I think he means, that he is so far from avarice, when the cause
of his country requires liberality, that if any man should wish for his
heart, he would not need enforce his desire any otherwise, than by shew-
ing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus,

"Nunc est igitur et tu, si es Romanus, tell me true," BLACKSTONE.

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet ¹.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools ²?
Companion, hence ³.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit Poet.*]

Enter LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS, and TITINIUS.*]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think, you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas.

¹ Shakspeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phœnius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher.

² i. e. with these silly poets. A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance.

³ *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*.

¶ —I scorn you, scurvy companion," &c. STEEVENS.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [drinks.]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
'That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine

Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art⁴ as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If

⁴ — in art—] That is, in theory. MALONE.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewel, good
Messala;—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well,

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
 Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
 Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
 It may be, I shall raise you by and by
 On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
 It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so;
 I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Serv. lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
 Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
 I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
 I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace^s upon my boy,
 That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
 I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
 Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
 Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]
Enter

^s — A mace is the ancient term for a scepter.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. *[Exit Ghost.]*

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.]
ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Plains of Philippi.**Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

OÆ. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
 You said, the enemy would not come down,
 But keep the hills and upper regions;
 It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
 They mean to warn us⁶ at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content
 To visit other places; and come down
 With fearful bravery⁷, thinking, by this face,
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals:
 The enemy comes on in gallant shew;
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

OÆ. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

OÆ. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

OÆ. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
 Make forth, the generals would have some words.

OÆ.

⁶ — warn us—] To warn is to summon.

⁷ That is, with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay. Fearful is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense;—producing fear,—intimidating.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail, Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca ^s, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ;
When think you that the sword goes up again ?—
Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

Cas.

^s Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth;
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim,
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho, Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here conformed us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The

The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together :
 What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself ;—I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life :—arming myself with patience*,
 To stay the providence of some high powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
 You are contented to be led in triumph
 Thorough the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work, the ides of March begun ;
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile ;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
 If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business, ere it come !
 But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
 And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*]

* Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost ; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this : I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me so to blame the suicide of Cato ; arming myself with patience, &c.

SCENE II.

*The same. The field of battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, and MESSALA.*

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side : *[Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
 Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The same. Another part of the field.**Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, and TITINIUS.*

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly farther off;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
 Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
 Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
 And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
 Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. *[Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
 My fight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[Exit PINDARUS,

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [above.]. O my lord!

Cæs. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and,
hark!

[Shout.

They shout for joy.

Cæs. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mess. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tu.

* *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;

The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenom'd,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*dies.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

[*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!—

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these!—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus,

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son².

1. *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death. [*Offering money.*]

1. *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2. *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general :—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

E 2

Cli.

² i. e. worthy of him.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world. *[whispering.]*

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius ! *[whispers him.]*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit : *[Alarum.]*

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here. *[Alarum still.]*

Bru. Farewel to you ;—and you ;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
 So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
 Hath almost ended his life's history:
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]

I prythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.

OA. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
 For Brutus only overcame himself,
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

OA. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OA. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
 All the conspirators, save only he,¹
 Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
 He, only, in a general honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
 With all respect, and rites of burial.
 Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
 Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
 So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day³.

[*Exeunt.*

³ Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays: his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Persons Represented.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of Antony.*

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *Friends to Cæsar.*

Menas,
Menecrates, } *Friends of Pompey.*
Varrius,

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*

Silius, *an Officer in Ventidius's army.*

An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, and Diomedes; *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*

Octavia, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

Charmian, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
Iras,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

Pbi. **N**AY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsey's lust¹. Look, where they come!

Flourish. *Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take good note, and you shall see in him
The tripping ball of the world transform'd
Into a strutting fool: behold and see.

Cleo. How does love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd:

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth².

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

E 5

Ant.

¹ In this passage something seems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly used for contrary purposes, were probably opposed by the authour, who might perhaps have written:

— *is become the bellows and the fan,*

To kindle and to cool a gypsey's lust. JOHNSON.

² Thou must set the boundary of my love at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords. JOHNSON.

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Ant. Grates me :—The sum ³.

Cleo. Nay, hear them ⁴, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom⁵, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process⁶ ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—
Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [embracing.]
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet ⁷,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra ⁸.—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :

There's

³ Be brief, *sum* thy business in a few words.

⁴ i. e. the *new*. This word in Shakspeare's time was considered as plural.

⁵ i. e. Subdue that kingdom. MALONE.

⁶ *Process* here means *summons*.

⁷ — *to weet*,] To know.

⁸ But, in this passage, seems to have the old Saxon signification of *witbout, unless, except*. Antony, says the queen, *witbout* recollect his thoughts. Unless kept, he replies, in commotion by Cleopatra.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

83

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Another Room.

Enter EGYPTIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothfayer.

Char. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, most absolute Alexas, where's the sooth-
fayer that you praised so to the queen ? O, that I knew
this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands⁹ !

Alex. Soothfayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that know things ?

E 6,

Sooth.

⁹ *Change* his horns is corrupt ; the true reading evidently is :—*must charge his horns with garlands.* i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *burns* his garlands. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes* of garlands. JOHNSON.

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Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking¹.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be
married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them
all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of
Jewry may do homage: and me to marry me with Octa-
vius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress!

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs².

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former for-
tune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names³:
Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every with, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex.

¹ To know why the lady is so averse from *beating her liver*, it must
be remembered, that a heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face.

² This is a proverbial expression.

³ If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I *shall*
never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell
me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?*

ANTONY AND CLEOPA

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to night, shall be
—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her
but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—
come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a
woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And
let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse
follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing
to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me
this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more
weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the
people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul
knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum,
and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a
cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd
do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno.

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Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him,—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended ~~Ant~~^{Ant}*,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mes. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When

* To extend, is a term used for to seize.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 87

When our quick minds lie still⁵; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mef. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1. *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2. *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2. *Mef.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2. *Mef.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.— [Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself⁶: she's good, being gone;

The

⁵ I suspect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, some provincial word signifying either *arable lands*, or the *instruments of husbandry* used in tilling them. *Earing* signifies *plowing* both here and in sc. iv. So, in *Genesis*, c. 45. "Yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest." BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may sweeten during their fallow state, are still called *wind-rows*. *Quick winds*, I suppose to be the same as *seeming fallows*; for such fallows are always fruitful in weeds.

Wind-rows likewise signify heaps of manure, consisting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and distributed in long rows under hedges. If these *wind-rows* are suffered to lie still, in two senses, the farmer must fare the worse for his want of activity. First, if this compost be not frequently turned over, it will bring forth weeds spontaneously; secondly, if it be suffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of useless and obnoxious herbage. STEVENS.

⁶ The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which rising in the east, and by *revolution lowering*, or setting in the west, becomes the opposite of itself. WARBURTON.

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The hand could pluck her back⁷, that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno.

⁷ The verb *could* has a peculiar signification in this place; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.*

Could, *would*, and *should*, are a thousand times indiscriminately used in the old plays, and yet appear to have been so employed rather by choice than by chance.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 89

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, fir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein⁸, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings⁹ forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience⁹ to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches¹, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home²: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

For

⁸ When the deities are pleased to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to supply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, supplies him with another. MALONE.

⁹ *Expedience* for expedition.

¹ Things that touch me more sensibly, more pressing motives.

² Wish us at home; call for us to reside at home.

90 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair³, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—
I did not send you⁴ ; —If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return. [*Exit Alex.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in no-
thing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What

³ Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal.

⁴ You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.

What says the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sh^d stay^g,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent⁵; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven⁶: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use⁷ with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestick powers

Breeds

⁵ i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows.

⁶ i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

I am not sure that the poet did not mean, was of *heavenly origin*.

MALONE.

⁷ The poet seems to allude to the legal distinction between the *use* and *absolute possession*.

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Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change : My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going *,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die † ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ‡ ; at the last, best :
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water † ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice : By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy foldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves ‡.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo.

* i. e. should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you.

† Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed ? Such, I think, is the meaning.

‡ The word is derived from the old French *garboil*, which Cotgrave explains by *burlyburly*, *great stir*. STEEVENS.

§ Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend.

¶ i. e. uncertain as the state of my health is the love of Antony.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
 I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
 Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
 Belong to Egypt⁴ : Good now, play one scene
 Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look
 Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood ; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends ;
 But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
 How this Herculean Roman⁵ does become
 The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
 Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :
 Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;
 That you know well : Something it is I would,—
 O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
 And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
 Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
 For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
 To bear such idleness so near the heart
 As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
 Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
 Sit laurel victory ! and smooth success
 Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
 Our separation so abides, and flies,
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away.

[*Exeunt.*
 SCENE .

⁴ To me, the queen of Egypt.

⁵ Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's house.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor⁶: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness⁷; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd⁸; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becometh him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness⁹. If he fill'd

His

⁶ Perhaps, *Our* great competitor. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakspeare, *associate*, or *partner*.

⁷ If by spots are meant stars, as night has no other fiery spots, the comparison is forced and harsh, stars having been always supposed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this simile, which answers to night's blackness.

⁸ Procured by his own fault or endeavour.

⁹ The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.

vacancy with his voluptuousness;
 forfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 on him for't: but, to confound such time,
 drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
 the rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
 their experience to their present pleasure,
 so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Here's more news.

Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 it appears, he is belov'd of those
 only have fear'd Cæsar¹: to the ports
 discontents repair, and men's reports
 him much wrong'd.

I should have known no less:—
 he been taught us from the primal state,
 he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
 the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
 as dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
 to a vagabond flag upon the stream;
 to, and back, lachying the varying tide,
 it itself with motion.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Crates and Menas, famous pirates,
 the sea serve them; which they ear² and wound
 the keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
 make in Italy: the borders maritime
 blood to think on't³, and flush youth⁴ revolt:
 effect can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
 as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,

Than

¹ Those whom not love but fear made adherents to Cæsar, now shew affection for Pompey.

² To ear, is to plow; a common metaphor:

³ Turn pale at the thought of it.

⁴ Lust youth is youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at work.

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Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassels⁵. When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses⁶, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did dei
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
 It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
 Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know me
 time
 Of firs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond⁷. [*Exit*
 SCENE

⁵ *Wassel* is here put for intemperance in general.

⁶ All these circumstances of Antony's distress, are taken literally from Plutarch.

⁷ That is, to be my bounden duty.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora⁸.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thóu, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men⁹—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

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F

And

⁸ A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep.

⁹ A *burgonet* is a kind of helmet.

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And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee¹.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses;—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;

¹ Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it is by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*.

So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days²;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt³.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

F 2

The

² *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. *Those*, says she, *were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.*

³ By sending out messengers.

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The thing we sue for⁴.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver ;
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel⁵.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,

This

⁴ The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is losing its value.

⁵ i. e. since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 101

This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm⁶
For such a petty war : his foldiership
Is twice the other twain : But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope⁷,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater :
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves ;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS, and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day⁸.

F 3

Lep.

⁶ To *don* is to *do on*, to put on.

⁷ The judicious editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer in four vols, 8vo, 1775, observes that to *hope* on this occasion means to *expect*.

⁸ He means, *I would meet him undressed, without shew of respect.*

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Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curtness grow to the matter².

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly

² Let not ill humour be added to the real subject of our difference.

Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state¹, your being in Egypt
Might be my question².

Ant. How intend you, practise'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother never
Did urge me in his act³ : I did enquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted⁴ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :

F 4

The

¹ To *practise* means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems.

² i. e. my theme or subject of conversation.

³ i. e. never did make use of my name as pretence for the war.

⁴ i. e. *opposed*.

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The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself⁵; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it⁶: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant.

⁵ I. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.

⁶ Lepidus interrupts Cæsar, on the supposition that what he is about to say will be too harsh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies, *No, Lepidus, let him speak*; the security of honour on which he now speaks, on which this conference is held now, is sacred, even supposing that I lacked honour before. JOHNSON.

Antony, in my opinion, means to say,—The theme of honour which he now speaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he supposes me not to have a due regard, is sacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myself. MALONE.

Ant. Neglected, rather;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it⁷: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs⁸ between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecænas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the im-
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,
return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when
you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a foldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no
more.

Eno. Go to then; your confederate stone⁹.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech¹: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge

B 5

O' the

⁷ Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.

⁸ *The griefs*—] i. e. grievances.

⁹ This line is passed by all the editors, as if they understood it, and believed it universally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any possible meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you confederate ones.

You who dislike my frankness and temerity of speech, and are so *con-*
siderate and discreet, go to, do your own business. JOHNSON.

¹ I do not, says Cæsar, think the man wrong, but too free of his *in-*
terposition; for it cannot be, we shall remain in friendship: yet if it *were*
possible, I would endeavour it.

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O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report² ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us³ must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great, and increasing : but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—my
honourable friend, Agrippa !—

Agg. Good Enobarbus !

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

F 6

Eno.

² Lest I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNSON.

³ Of us, &c.] In the language of Shakspeare's time, means—by

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Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her⁴.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purled up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were fil-

ver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids;
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes⁵,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That

⁴ i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits.
⁵ Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned in Pliny, l. 35, c. 10.
⁶ Perhaps tended her by the eyes, discovered her secrets by her eyes.

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy⁷,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not ;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety : Other women cloy
The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,

Whilst

⁷ For vacancy, *malone* for fear of a vacuum. MALONE.

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Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes Divide me from your bosom.

Ota. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—
Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion^s, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear^o, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,

He

^s i. e. the divinitory agitation.

^o A Fear was a personage in some of the old moralities.

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He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—
[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails¹ ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds². I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Street:

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount³
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec.

¹ The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.

² *Inhoop'd* is inclosed, confined, that they may fight.

³ *i. e.* Mount *Idjennum*. Our authour probably wrote—*at the more*

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Mec. Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody food⁴
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards⁵: come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, fir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught:

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

Exe.

⁴ The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental disposition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the English begins, *Grootmèdige Vrik* [*great minded nation*]. Perhaps here is a poor jest intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of musick.

Moody, in this instance, rather means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*.

⁵ This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. This game was not known in ancient times.

Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy ;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead ?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kifs ; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah, mark ; We
use

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;

But there's no goodness in thy face : If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings ? If not well,
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man⁶.

Mef. Will't please you hear me ?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st :
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo.

⁶ Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, Shakspeare means, a man in his senses. *Informal* women, in *Measure for Measure*, is used for women beside themselves.

STEEVEN.

A *formal* man, only means, a man in form, i. e. shape. MALONE.

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Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence ; fye upon *but yet* :

But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : He's friends with Cæsar ;
In state of health, thou say'st ; and, thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, madam ! no ; I made no such report :
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn ?

Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you ?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*]
Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[*She bales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mef. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*draws a dagger.*]

Mef. Nay, then I'll run :—

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo.

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Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself⁷; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, fir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mes. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there
still?

Mes. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd⁸, and made
A cistern for scald'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mes. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,

Seems

⁷ Perhaps here was intended an indirect censure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Essex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a stroke at her proud and passionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her Majesty used to chastise *them* too) might be safely hazarded. In a subsequent part of this scene there is (as Dr. Grey has observed) an evident allusion to Elizabeth's inquiries concerning the person of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. MALONE.

⁸ *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water.

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Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of !—Get thee hence :
The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em ! [Exit Messenger.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia⁹, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.]

Let him for ever go¹ :—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way he's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas

[To Mardian.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet : at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine ;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words ; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent :
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If

⁹ By *features* seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. *Features*, however, anciently appears to have signified *beauty* in general.

¹ She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony.

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword ;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends ; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire ? And
What made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol ; but that they would
Have one man but a man ? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy ; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams ; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæf. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us ², Pompey, with thy sails ;
We'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself ³,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæf. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæf. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must

Rid

² Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy.

³ Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

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Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. 'The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face⁴;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant.

⁴ Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts.

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Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, fir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Shew us the way, fir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,
LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this
treaty.—[*aside.*—You and I have known, fir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, fir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:^s
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men.

^s The poet's art in delivering this humorous sentiment (which gives us so very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be sufficiently admired. The confession could come from none but a frank and rough character like the speaker's: and the moral lesson insinuated under it, that flattery can make its way through the most stubborn manners, deserves our serious reflection.

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Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you,

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. - But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard?

I have

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir : we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come ; let's away. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet ⁶.

1. *Serv.* Here they'll be, man : Some o' their plants ⁷ are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink ⁸.

2. *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition ⁹, he cries out, *no more* ; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan ¹ I could not heave.

1. *Serv.* To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks ².

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G

A fennet

⁶ A banquet in our authour's time frequently signified what we now call a desert ; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense.

⁷ *Plants*, besides its common meaning, is here used for the *feet*, from the Latin.

⁸ A phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.

⁹ A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *Touching one in a sore place*.

¹ A pike.

² This speech seems to be mutilated ; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but *perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this.*

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A fennet founded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*to Cæsar.*] They take the flow o' the Nile³

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean⁴; if dearth,
Or foizon, follow⁵: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsmen
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep.

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks. JOHNSON.

I do not believe a single word has been omitted. The being called into a huge sphere, and not being seen to move in it, these two circumstances, says the speaker, resemble sockets in a face where eyes should be, [but are not,] which empty sockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully disfigure the countenance. MALONE.

³ Pliny speaking of the Nile says, "How it riseth, is known by marks and measures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is sixteen cubits. Under that gage the waters overflow not all. Above that stint, there are a let and hindrance, by reason that the later it is ere they be fallen and downe againe. By these the seed-time is much of it spent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reason that the ground is dry and thirstie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. But when it is no higher than 12 cubits, it findeth extreme famine; yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger still: 14 cubits comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties.—And so soon as any part of the land is freed from the water, straight waies it is sowed." *Pfislemon Holland's Translation, 1603, B. V. c. 9.*

⁴ — *the mean,*—] i. e. the middle.

⁵ *Foizon* is a French word signifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is still in common use in the North. STEVENS.

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Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*]

And ~~ear~~ me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like it self; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

[*rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

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Pom. How shall that be ?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well ?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips⁶,
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors
Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine⁷.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't ! In me, 'tis villany ;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes⁸ more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why ?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man ; See'st not ?

Men.

⁶ i. e. embraces.

⁷ All there, may mean all in the vessel.

⁸ Pall'd, is wapid, past its time of excellence ; pall'd wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 125

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels⁹!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels¹, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*to Ant.*] Shall we
dance now

The Egyptian Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear², as loud
As his strong sides can volly.

[*Musick plays.* Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

G 3

Cæs.

⁹ "The World goes upon wheels," is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the Water-poet.

¹ Try whether the casks sound as empty. *Strike the vessels* may mean *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, chink glasses.*

² Every man shall accompany the chorus by drumming on his sides, in token of concurrence and applause.

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Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give us your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father's house,—

But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat,

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POM. CÆS. ANT. and Attendants;*

Menas I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck³; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes⁴,

Pays

³ Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself.

⁴ *Pacorus* was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia.

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour:
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Rome. *An Ante-chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!⁵

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets⁶,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle⁷. So,—
This

⁵ —*Arabian bird!*] The phoenix.

⁶ Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correspondent action for the *poet*, whose business in the next line is only to *number*, makes me suspect some fault in this passage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNSON.

I suspect no fault. The ancient *bard* sung his compositions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verses are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this sense) of Shakspeare's coining, is to *make verses*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much studied in the age of Shakspeare, even by the first writers. STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 129

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa. [*Trumpets.*]

Ag. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band⁸
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortrefs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee⁹, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Ota. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on:—Be cheerful.

Ota. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Ota. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,

G 5

And

⁸ As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct.

⁹ This is obscure. It seems to mean, *May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNSON.

130 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to Agrippa.

Agr. He has a cloud in his face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse¹;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound², he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, fir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewel, farewell! [kisses Octavia.

Ant. Farewel! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, fir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod

¹ A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

² — he did confound—] i. e. destroy.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 131

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mef. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mef. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me³?

Mef. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long⁴.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps;
Her motion and her station⁵ are as one:

G 6

Char.

³ This scene is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvill, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

⁴ Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—"That is not so good a piece of intelligence as your last," but, "*That*, i. e. a low voice, is not so good as a shrill tongue." That a low voice (on which our authour never omits to introduce an elogium when he has an opportunity,) was not esteemed by Cleopatra as a merit in a lady, appears from what she adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!*"—If the words be understood in the sense first mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconsistent with the foregoing. Perhaps, however, the authour intended no connexion between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pause, should exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My first interpretation I believe to be the true one. MALONE.

⁵ *Station*, in this instance, means the act of standing.

132 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

She shews a body rather than a life ;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't :—There's nothing in her yet :—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mes. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mes. And I do think, she's thirty,

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is it long, or round ?

Mes. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour ?

Mes. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as she would wish it⁶.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;

Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him⁷. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Ifs else defend,
And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian :—

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[Exeunt.
SCENE

*Low foreheads were in Shakspeare's age thought a blemish.
Taberry, is to use roughly.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 133

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—that
Were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Ota O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me
presently,

When I shall pray, O, *blefs my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, *blefs my brother!* Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Ota. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be

As.

* The sense is, that war between Cæsar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion.

134 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter ENOBARBUS, and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pom-
pey.

Eno. This is old ; What is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry⁹ ; would
not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not
resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly
wrote to Pompey ; upon his own appeal¹, seizes him : So
the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus ; and spurns
The rush that lies before him ; cries, *Fool, Lepidus !*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius² ;
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno.

⁹ —*rivalry.*] Equal rank.

¹ To *appeal*, in Shakspeare, is to *accuse* ; Cæsar seized Lepidus with-
out any other proof than Cæsar's accusation.

² I have something *more* to tell you, which I might have told at first,
and *delayed my news.* Antony requires your presence.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 135

Eno. 'Twill be naught :
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia³,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs.

³ For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*. JOHNS.
In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Thomas North, in
folio, 1579 *, will be seen at once the origin of this mistake.—“ First
of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*,
and the Lower Syria.” FARMER.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated,
“ ’Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
“ That Latin French, that French to English straid:
“ Thus ’twixt one Plutarch there’s more difference,
“ Than i’ th’ same Englishman return’d from France.”

136 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Ag. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
'That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Ag. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
'That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Ota. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Ota. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshewn
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Ota. Good my lord,

To

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Ota. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Ota. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying.
The kings o' the earth for war⁴: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Ota. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong-led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers

Of

⁴ There are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings; but it is probable that the authour did not much wish to be accurate.

138. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull⁵,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being⁶ in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not, denounce't against us, why should not we
Be there in person.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,

That

⁵ Regiment, is, government, authority he puts his power and his empire into the hands of a false woman.

Regiment is used for regimen or government by most of our ancient writers. The old translation of the *Schola Salernitana* is called the Regiment of Helth.

⁶ To forspoke, is to contradict, to speak against. as forbid is to order negatively. In Shakspeare it is the opposite of bespeak.

That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne⁷?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare⁸; yours, heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist

Of

⁷ To take in is to gain by conquest.

⁸ Yare generally signifies, dextrous, manageable.

240 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be⁹. — Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis¹!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't²: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can.

⁹ It is strange that his *forces* shou'd be there

¹ Antony addresses Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition.

² Canidius means to say, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely his *land force*,) but on the *caprice* of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 141

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Jullius, Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea : But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome, His power went out in such distractions³, as Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour ; and throws forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.

Cæs. Taurus, —

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land ; keep whole : provoke not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scrowl : Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold no longer :

The

³ Detachments ; separate bodies.

142 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The Antoniad⁴, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their fixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle⁵ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd⁶ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake⁷! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her⁸, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd⁹,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And

⁴ which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.

⁵ *Cantle* is a *corner*. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nook'd* world. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.

⁶ Spotted.

The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appear'd on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*.

⁷ *Leprosy*, an epidemical distemper of the Egyptians.

⁸ *The brize* is the *gad-fly*.

⁹ *To loof* is to bring a ship close to the wind.

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony¹, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world², that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall

I am

¹ The wounded chance of Antony, is a phrase nearly of the same import as the broken fortunes of Antony. So in the fifth Act;

“ Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirit,

“ Through the ashes of my chance.”

² Alluding to a benighted traveller.

144 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command³,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Irás. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer³; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry⁴, and no practice had

³ — *He, at Philippi, kept*

His sword even like a dancer;—] He means that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England.

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the wars, says,

“ I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

“ Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

“ Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,

“ But one to dance with.”

⁴ — *be alone*

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or, on the strength of his lieutenants.—

In the life of Antony, Shakspeare found the following passage
“—they were always more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants, than by themselves;”—which fully explains that before us

In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unquality'd⁵ with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her ; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation ;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,
How I convey my shame⁶ out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings⁷,
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

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H

Ant.

⁵ He is *unsoldiered*. *Quality* in Shakspeare's age was often used for *profession*.

⁶ How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, by the *heart-string*.

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Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster⁸:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea⁹.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies¹⁰ for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs.

⁸ The name of this person was *Euphronius*: He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.

⁹ His grand sea may mean his full tide of prosperity.

¹⁰ The diadem; the ensign of royalty.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 147

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; to the
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands. [*Exit Ambassador.*
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*to Thyreus.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw²;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die³.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled

H 2

From

² That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune,

³ *Think, and die.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

" — all that he can do

" Is to himself; *take thought, and die* for Cæsar."

We must understand *think and die* to mean the same as *die of thought, or melancholy*. In this sense is *thought* used below, Act IV. sc. vi. and by Holinshed, *Chron. of Ireland*, p. 97. "His father lived in the tower where for thought of the young man his follie he died."

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From that great face of war, whose several ranges
 Frighted each other? why should he follow?
 The itch of his affection should not then
 Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
 When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
 The mered question⁴: 'Twas a shame no less
 Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
 And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
 Will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
 And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
 With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
 Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note
 Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
 May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
 Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd⁵, sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and AMB.*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are

A parcel

⁴ *Mere* is a boundary, and the *mered question*, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary*.

⁵ I require Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison of our different fortunes* may exhibit to him, but to answer me *man to man*, in this decline of my age or power.

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149

A parcel of their fortunes ; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness !—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony ?—See, my women !—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly :—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will ?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends ; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has ;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are ; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd ; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar's.

Cleo. Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,

H 3

But

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But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, fir, thou art so leaky,
'That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shrowd,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
'Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear⁶
'The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace⁷ to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY, and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man⁸, and worthiest

To

⁶ *All-obeying* breath is, in Shakspeare's language; breath which *all* obey. Obeying for obeyed. So, *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c.

⁷ —Give me grace—] Grant me the favour.

⁸ —the fullest man!—] The most complete, and perfect.

To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ah, you kite!—Now gods and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a mufs⁹, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whip,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra¹?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.— [*Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.*]
You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders²?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods feel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon

H 4

Dead

⁹ Like boys unto a mufs,—] i. e. a scramble.

¹ That is, since she ceased to be Cleopatra.

² One that waits at the table while others are eating.

A feeder, or an eater, was anciently the term of reproach for a servant.

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Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roar
'The horned herd³! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1. *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1. *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thee to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,

As

³ It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

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As he shall like, to quit me³: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points⁴?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines⁵, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion⁶ smite⁶!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfy'd.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet⁷, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle⁸;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

H 5

Ant.

³ To repay me this insult; to requite me.

⁴ i. e. with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunk-hose were fastened.

⁵ As it comes to its end, or dissolution. The word is so used in legal conveyances, but no poet but Shakspeare has employed it in this sense.

MALONE.

⁶ — Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

⁷ *Fleet* is the old word for *float*.

⁸ I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded.

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Ant. I will be treble-finew'd⁹, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky¹, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night²: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scy the.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,
and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger

He

⁹ Antony means to say, that he will be treble-hearted, and treble-breath'd, as well as treble-finew'd. MALONE.

¹ Nice is trifling.

² This is still an epithet bestow'd on feast days in the colleges of either university.

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He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die³; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot⁴ of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and Others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

H 6

Ant.

³ What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledgin
that he should die under the unequal combat; but if we read,

He hath many other ways to die: mean time,

I laugh at his challenge.

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæs
Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar
fight him hand to hand, and received for answer, that he might find
veral other ways to end his life.* UPTON.

I think this emendation deserves to be received. It had, before
Upton's book appeared, been made by sir T. Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Most indisputably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in
modern translations; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambigu
the old one. "Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight
Cæsar answered, that he had many other ways to die, than so." F

→ *Makes boot of—*] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

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Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all*⁵.

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks⁶, which sorrow shoots
[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow⁷: perchance, to-morrow

You'll

⁵ Let the survivor take all. No composition; victory or death.

⁶ I know not what obscurity the editors find in this passage. *Trick* is here used in the sense in which it is uttered every day by every mouth, elegant and vulgar: yet sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Gallicism, to *traits*. JOHNSON.

⁷ Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.

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You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't⁸!

Eno. What mean you, fir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd⁹ ; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !
Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense :
For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you
To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you.
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour¹. Let's to supper ; come,
And drown confideration. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1. *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.
2. *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?
1. *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?
2. *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour : Good night to you.
1. *Sold.* Well, fir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2. *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
3. *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.
[The first two place themselves at their posts.]
4. *Sold.* Here we : *[They take their posts.]* and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3. *Sold.*

⁸ *And the gods yield you for't !*] i. e. reward you.

⁹ I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions.

¹ That is, an honourable death.

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3. *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*]

4. *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1. *Sold.* Lift, lift!

2. *Sold.* Hark!

1. *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3. *Sold.* Under the earth.

4. *Sold.* It signs well², does it not?

3. *Sold.* No.

1. *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2. *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1. *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2. *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now? how now? do you hear this?
[*Several speaking together.*]

1. *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3. *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1. *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and
Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo.

s. i. e. it bodes well, &c.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir¹.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff it⁴ for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight⁵ at this, than thou: Dispatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

1. *Off.* A thousand, sir,

Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,

And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2. *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*kisses her.*]

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANT. EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He

¹ That is, quickly, sir.

⁴ To doff is to do off, to put off.

⁵ More expert, more adroit.

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He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight !

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY, and EROS; a Soldier
meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony !

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once pre-
vail'd

To make me fight at land !

Sold. Had'st thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men :—Dispatch.—Enobarbus !

[Exeunt.

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SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor

Continues

Continues still a Jove.

[Exit Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth;
And feel I am so most⁶. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall out-strike thought: but thought will do't, I feel⁷.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and Others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression⁸
Exceeds what we expected.

[Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;

'Tis

⁶ That is, and feel I am so, more than any one else thinks it.

⁷ *Thought*, in this passage, as in many others, signifies *melancholy*.

⁸ Our *oppression* means, the force by which we are oppress'd or over-powered.

'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on. .

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and
Forces.

Ant We have beat him to his camp : Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests⁹.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;
For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives¹, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[*To SCARUS.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness² to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !

O infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown ; yet have we
A brain

⁹ Antony after his success intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests.

¹ To clip is to embrace.

² i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, French. *Arm-se*, Ital.

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A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth³. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them⁴.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines⁵;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1. *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard⁶: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2. *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3. *Sold.* What man is this?

2. *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno.

³ At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to win a *goal*, is to be a superiour in a contest of activity.

⁴ i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them? JOHNSON.

⁵ A *tabourin* was a small drum. Often mentioned in our ancient romances.

⁶ i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard musters.

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Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1. *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3. *Sold.* Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart⁷
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!

[*dies.*]

2. *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1. *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3. *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1. *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

2. *Sold.* Go we to him.

3. *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2. *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1. *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him⁸. Hark,
the drums

[*Drums afar off.*]

Demurely⁹ wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3. *Sold.* Come on then; he may recover yet.

[*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE

⁷ The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.

⁸ *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*.

⁹ *Demurely* for solemnly.

SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps.**Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, with forces, marching.**Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.*Scar.* For both, my lord.*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Let's seek a spot,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour¹. [*Exeunt.**Enter CÆSAR, and his forces, marching.**Cæs.* But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall²; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.**Re-enter ANTONY, and SCARUS.**Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: Where yond' pine does
stand,I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.**Scar.* Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.*Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.**Re-enter ANTONY.**Ant.* All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:*My*¹ i. e. where we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions.² i. e. unless we be charged, we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. *But being charged* was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
 Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone. [*Exit SCAR.*
 O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Dowe shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss³.—
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails⁴. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt
 gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury; for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let

³ To the utmost loss possible.

⁴ i. e. with nails which she suffered to grow for this purpose.

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Let me lodge Lichas⁵ on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [Exit.]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield⁶; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd⁷.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence, Mardian;
And bring me how he takes my death.—To the monu-
ment. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY, and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With

⁵ The meaning is, Let me do something in my rage, becoming the successor of Hercules.

Hercules threw Lichas from the top of mount Ætna into the sea.

⁶ i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. The boar of *Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*.

⁷ A hunting term; when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboß*.

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With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants⁸.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dissimns⁹; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, *Eros*¹, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, *Eros*, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

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I

Mar.

⁸ The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shewes in Shakspeare's age. T. WARTON.

⁹ i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

¹ *Knave* is servant.

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Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit MARDIAN*

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS*

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done².—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,

Thou

² *Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the stroke.*

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Thou then would'st kill me : do't, the time is come :
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
It colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not ?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms³, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame ; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued⁴ ?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then ; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee ? Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world⁵ lies.

Ant. Lo thee. *[turning from him.]*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor ! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then :—*[falls on his sword.]* Thus I
do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

[dies.]
Anto.

I 2

³ Arms folded in each other.

⁴ The poor conquered wretch that followed.

⁵ The worship, is the dignity, the authority.

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Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
 I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
 Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
 A nobleness in record: But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus [*falling on his sword.*—
 I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
 The guard!—how!—O, dispatch me.

Enter DERCETAS, and Guard.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
 Of what I have begun.

2. *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1. *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. *Guard.* Not I.

2. *Guard.* Nor I.

3. *Guard.* Nor any one.

[*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
 This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
 give me
 Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
 My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying
 fear

Of

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Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar⁶, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, fir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XIII.

The same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

I 3

Enter

⁶ To dispose, in this instance, perhaps signifies to make terms, to settle matters.

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o'the world!⁷—O Antony!
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death⁸ a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me⁹; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion¹, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—

Assist,

⁷ She desires the sun to *burn* his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark.

⁸ I *solicit* death to delay; or, *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting.

⁹ *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. *Brooches* in the North are buckles set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. *Brooch* is properly a *bodkin*, or some such instrument (originally a spit) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it sometimes stands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which sense it is perhaps used at present.

¹ *Sedate determination*; silent coolness of resolution.

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness²,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Withers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw Antony up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing³; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

[*dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is

² Heaviness is here used equivocally for sorrow and weight.

³ That is, Revive by my kiss.

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No better than a flye?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole⁴ is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

[*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt! empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares⁵.—It were for me
To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is fottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take heart:—

[*to the guard below.*]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.*]

ACT

⁴ He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.

⁵ i. e. task-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*.

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets*,
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a publick minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,

I 5

I robb'd

* The sense seems to have been *The round world should have shook,*
and this great alteration of the system of things should send lions into
streets, and citizens into dens. There is sense still, but it is harsh and
violent.

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I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings⁷.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most perfisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him⁸.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do launce
Diseases in our bodies⁹: I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter

⁷ That is, *May the gods rebuke me*, if this be not tidings to make kings weep. But, again, for if not.

⁸ Waged equal with him.] It is not easy to determine the precise meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

“To wake and *wage* a danger profitless.”

It may signify to *oppose*. The sense will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were opposed to each other in just proportions, like the counterparts of a wager.

⁹ When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet: and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mes. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress¹,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mes. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit GALLUS.

Ag. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

[Exeunt.

¹ If this punctuation be right, the man means to say, that he is yet
an Egyptian, that is, yet a servant of the queen of Egypt, though soon to
become a subject of Rome.

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SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS².

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave³,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GAL-
LUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find

A con-

² Our authour here has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches till the queen is seized, within the monument.

³ —*fortune's knave,*] The servant of fortune.

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A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness⁴,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the guard, ascend the
monument by a ladder placed against a window, and
having descended, came behind CLEOPATRA. Some
of the guard unbar and open the gates.*]
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*to Proculeius and the guard.* Exit Gallus.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold: [*seizes and disarms her.*]
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,

I'll

⁴ *Praying in aid* is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.

⁵ Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars.

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I'll not sleep neither⁶: 'This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chafis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
The thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please, [*to CLEO.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol.

⁶ *I will not eat, and if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither. In common conversation we often use will be, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it will be fit for me to dine first.*

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd arm
Crested the world : his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights
Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in : In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands were
As plates⁷ dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms⁸ with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol.

⁷ *As Plates—*] *Plates* mean, in this place, *silver money*.

⁸ *To vie* was a term at cards.

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Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [CLEO. kneels.

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well⁹
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We'll extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra¹.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

Not

⁹ To *project* a cause is to represent a cause; to *project* it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence.

¹ You shall yourself be my counsellor, and suggest whatever you wish to be done for your relief.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 185

Not petty things admitted².—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather feel my lips³, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, foul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base⁴!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek⁵, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce

Their

² i. e. petty things not being *included*. She is angry afterwards that she is accused of having reserved more than petty things.

³ —*feel my lips*—] Sew up my mouth; close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. To *feel* hawks was the technical term.

⁴ i. e. base in an uncommon degree.

⁵ To one so meek,—] *Meek*, means here, *tame*, subdued by adversity.

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Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence ; [*To Sel.*
 Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
 For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
 Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe,
 Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
 Make not your thoughts your prisons⁶ : no, dear queen ;
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,
 That we remain your friend ; And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so : Adieu. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
 Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.
 [*whispers Charmian.*

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
 And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
 I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
 Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*
 That

⁶ *Make not your thoughts your prisons :*] I once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your prison :—

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would
 change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not*
a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free. JOHNSON.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 187

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. [*Exit Dola.*] Now, Iras,
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhimers
Ballad us out o' tune⁷: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness⁸
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Shew

⁷ *Scald* was a word of contempt implying poverty, disease, and filth.

⁸ The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys.

To obviate this impropriety of men representing women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of the *Raging Turk*, 1631, has no female character.

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Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? *[Exit Iras. A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here's a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine⁹.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus² there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never
recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest wo-
man, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not
do,

⁹ — now the fleeting moon

Alluding to the Egyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name
of Isis.

² *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent* ; we have the *blind-worm*
and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enor-
mous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*. In
the Northern counties, the word *worm* is still given to the serpent species
in general.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 189

t in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good o' the worm : But he that will believe all that they all never be saved by half that they do² : But this is illible, the worm's an odd worm.

. Get thee hence ; farewell.

un. I wish you all joy of the worm.

. Farewel. [*Clown sets down the basket.*

un. You must think this, look you, that the worm his kind³.

. Ay, ay ; farewell.

un. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no ifs in the worm.

. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

un. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it worth the feeding.

. Will it eat me ?

un. You must not think I am so simple, but I know vil himself will not eat a woman : I know, that a is a dish for the gods, if the devil drefs her not. ruly, these same whorefon devils do the gods great in their women ; for in every ten that they make, vils mar five.

. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

un. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, with robe, crown, &c.

. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have tal longings in me : Now no more lice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—yare⁴, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear y call ; I see him rouse himself

To

Shakspeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in sly satire. It is is must be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. Probably Shakspeare designed that confusion which the critick isentangle.

a serpent will act according to his nature.

. make haste, be nimble, be ready.

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To praise my noble aſt ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath : Huſband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire, and air ; my other elements
I give to baſer life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewel.

[kisses them. Iras falls and dies.]

Have I the aſpick in my lips⁵ ? Doſt fall⁶ ?
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill ?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me baſe :
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her⁷ ; and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal wretch,
[to the aſp, which ſhe applies to her breaſt.]

With thy ſharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. O, could'ſt thou ſpeak !
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar, aſs
Unpolicy'd⁸ !

Char. O eaſtern ſtar !

Cleo. Peace, peace !
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—

O An-

⁵ Are my lips poiſon'd by the aſpick, that my kiſs has deſtroyed thee ?

⁶ Iras muſt be ſuppoſed to have applied an aſp to her arm while her miſtreſs was ſettling her dreſs, or I know not why ſhe ſhould fall ſo ſoon.

⁷ He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiſs her for giving him intelligence.

⁸ i. e. an aſs without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its nobleſt decoration.

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

What should I stay— *[applying another asp to her arm.*
[falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
 Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
 A last unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
 I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1. *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. *[applies the asp.*

O, come; apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1. *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's be-
 guil'd.

2. *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1. *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
 done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
 Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[dies.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
 To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
 So sought'st to hinder.

Within. Away there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
 That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
 She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
 Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
 I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1. *Guard.*

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1. *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1. *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood, and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden drop'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast ;
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

1. *Guard.* This is an aspick's trail ; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite⁹
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

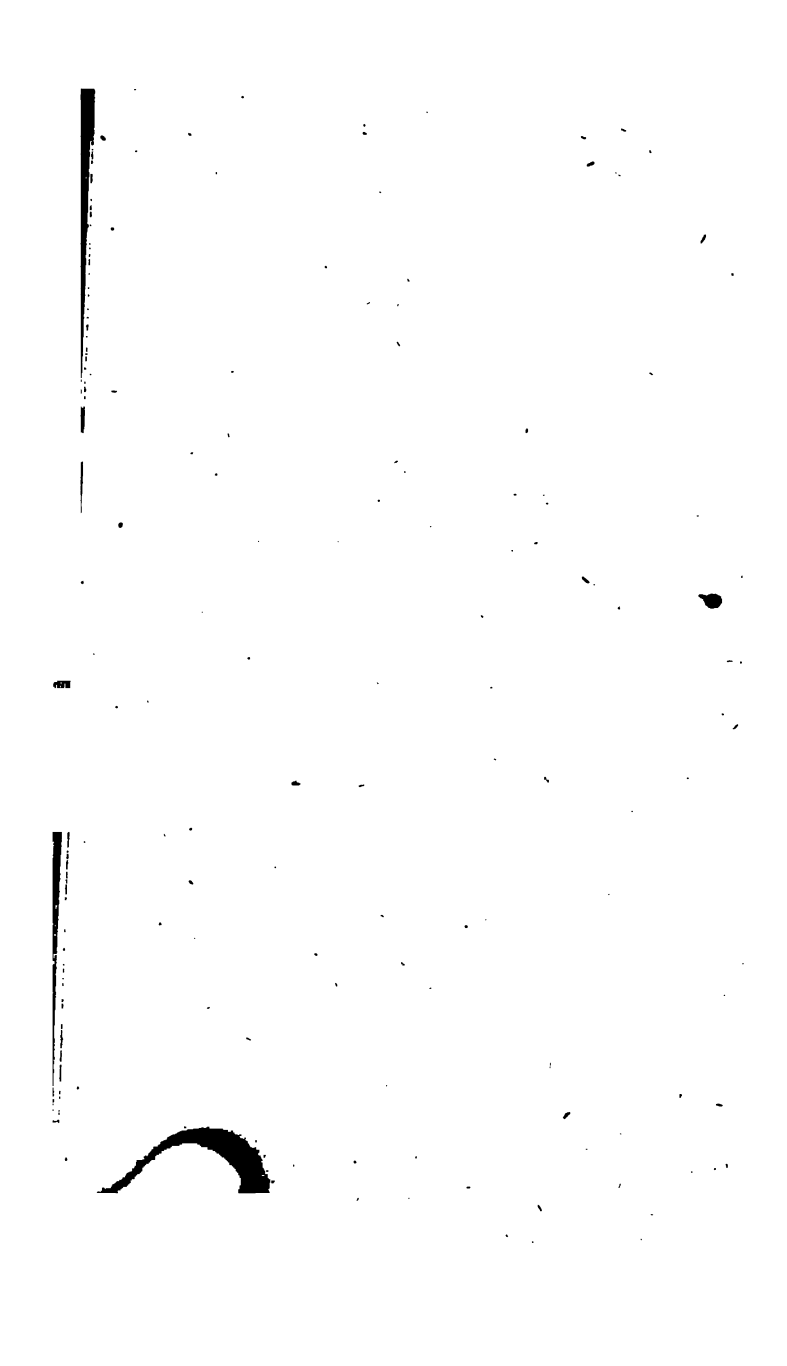
[*Exeunt.*

⁹ *She hath pursued conclusions infinite—*] i. e. numberless experiments.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Vol. VI.

K



• • • THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plurich*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

Persons Represented.

Timon, *A noble Athenian.*

Lucius,
Lucullus, } *Lords, and flatterers of Timon.*
Sempronius, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*
Servilius, }

Caphis,
Philotus, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
Titus, }
Lucius, }
Hortensius, }

*Two servants of Varro, and the servant of Isidore; two
of Timon's Creditors.*

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

Phrynia, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Timandra, }

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and
Attendants.*

S C E N E, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors.

Poet. GOOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, fir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

but what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller,

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd¹, as it were,
To an untirable and continueate goodness:
He passes².

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, fir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate³: But, for that—

Poet. *When we for recompence⁴ have prais'd the wile,*

K 3

It

¹ *Breathed is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be weary.* To breathe a horse, is to exercise him for the course.

² *He passes.*] i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds.

³ *— touch the estimate:—*] Come up to the price.

⁴ We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of.

*It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form. *[Looking on the Jew.]*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedicat
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes⁵. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment⁶, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent⁷.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

⁵ This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast of the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connects the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the poets often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

⁶ As soon as my picture has been presented to lord Timon.

⁷ The figure rises well from the canvas. C'est bien relevé.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

7

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly¹, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax² : no levell'd malice³
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you⁴.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures⁵, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer⁶
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him⁷, and returns in peace

K 4

MoR

¹ My design does not stop at any single characters.

² Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile.

³ To level is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person ; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage.

⁴ I'll unbolt—] I'll open, I'll explain.

⁵ — glib and slippery creatures,—] Hanmer, and Warburton after him, read—*natures*. Slippery is smooth, unresisting.

⁶ That shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron.

⁷ Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus ; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers.

Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the mount-
Is rank'd with all deserts⁶, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states⁷ : amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope⁸.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition⁹.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear¹,
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him
Drink the free air².

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late lov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :

A thousand

⁶ Cover'd with ranks of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

⁷ To advance or improve their various conditions of life.

⁸ Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

⁹ Condition, for art.

¹ Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such is the meaning.

² That is, catch his breath in affected fondness.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

9

A thousand moral paintings I can shew³,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets found. Enter TIMON, attended; the servant
of Ventidius talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Perish his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him.
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

K. 5.

Enter

³ Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shewn, the painter thinks he could have shewn better.

⁴ The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour* which was indifferently used with *your lordship*.

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [to Lucil.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you⁵ ! [*Exeunt Luc. and old Ath.*]

Post. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship !

Tim. I thank you ; you shall hear from me anon :
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend ?

Pain. A piece of painting ; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside : These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out⁶. I like your work ;
And you shall find, I like it : wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you !

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman : Give me your hand ;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord ? dispraise ?

Tim. A meer-satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite⁷.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give : But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters⁸ : believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord ; he speaks the common tongue.

K 6.

Which

⁵ The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or *due* to you ; held for your service, and at your disposal.

⁶ Pictures have no hypocrisy ; they are what they profess to be.

⁷ To *unclaw*, is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclaw* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.

⁸ Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog¹, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem.

¹ See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shakspeare has copied it.

² When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon, as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become worthy of kindness and salutation.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

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Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing², which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord³.—Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,

All

² Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

³ The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing. JOHNSON.

All of companionship⁴.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; when dinner is done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey⁵.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart⁶, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1. *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2. *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to
give thee none.

1. *Lord.*

⁴ This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.

⁵ Man is exhausted and degenerated; his strain or lineage is worn down into monkey.

⁶ Depart and part have the same meaning.

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1. *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding : make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the as. [*Exit.*]

1. *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty ? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out ; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward : no meed⁷, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself, no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance⁸.

1. *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes ! Shall we in ?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A State-Room in Timon's house.

*Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in ;
FLAVIUS and others attending ; then Enter TIMON,
ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS,
and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS and
Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMAN-
TUS discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich :

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled,

⁷ *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*.

⁸ *i. e.* All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1. Lord. My lord, we always have confes'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confes'd it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome :
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl ; you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon ;
I come to observe ; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee ; thou art an Athenian,
therefore welcome : I myself would have no power¹ ; 'pr'y-
thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem.

⁹ There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying of Shakspeare's time : " Confess and be hang'd."

¹ I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims all power over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee².—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one's man blood³; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes⁴:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart⁵; and let the health go round;

2. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath, or bond;*

² The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat.

³ The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers* them to the chase.

⁴ The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is. Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe*, and *notes* savour strongly of a quibble.

⁵ That is, *my lord's health with sincerity.*

*Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

Amen. So fall to't :

Rich men sin, and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like them ; I could with my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect⁶.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart⁷ ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you⁸. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer
 can

⁶ That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness.

⁷ The meaning is probably this. Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me.

⁸ I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

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can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born⁹! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink¹, Timon.

2. *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe² sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

[*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome.

[*Exit CUPID.*]

1. *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick.

⁹ Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed.

¹ The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get.*

² That is, a weeping babe.

Musick. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance³! they are mad women.

b. Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root⁴.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears

Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift⁵?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

You have added worth unto it, and lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device⁶;

I am to thank you for it.

1. Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem.

³ *They dance!—*] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read,

These are mad women. TYRWHITT.

⁴ *The glory of this life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots.* When we see by example how few are the necessities of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity.

⁵ That is, given them by their friends.

⁶ The mask appears to have been design'd by Timon to surprise his guests.

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Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies.*]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [Aside]

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind⁷;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind⁸.

[*Exit, and returns, with the casket.*]

1. *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to

Advance this jewel⁹; accept it, and wear it,

Kind my lord.

1. *Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:

I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[Aside]

Enter

⁷ To see the miseries that are following her.

⁸ For nobleness of soul.

⁹ To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it.

Enter another Servant.

2. Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

3. Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Afide.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse ; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good ;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word ; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't ; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out !

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits :—
Here, my lord ; a trifle of our love.

2. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty !

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on : it is yours, because you liked it.

2. Lord.

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2. *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no
man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms¹ to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All to you².—Lights, more lights.

1. *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.*]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks³, and jutting out of bums!⁴
I doubt, whether their legs⁴ be worth the fums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim.

¹ What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could deal kingdoms, i. e. I could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards.

² i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you.

³ Beck means a salutation made with the head. So Milton:

"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

To serve a beck, is to offer a salutation.

To serve a beck, means, I believe, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.

⁴ He plays upon the word leg, as it signifies a limb and a brow or all of obedience.

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Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly⁵;
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am
sworn, not to give regard to you. Farswel; and come
with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll
lock

Thy heaven⁶ from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles⁷, and still invites

All

⁵ i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into.

⁶ The pleasure of being flattered.

⁷ I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly
porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the
characteristick

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd^a
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull^b,
Which flashes^c now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

characteristick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, [1575.] "a *porter*, tall of parson, big of lim, and *stern* of countenance." FARMER.

The word *one* in the second line does not refer to *porter*, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate to keep people out, but a person who invites them in. MASON.

^a i. e. stopp'd.

^b A *gull* is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage.

^c Which *flashes*, &c.] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account
How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue ; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind².
What shall be done ? He will not hear, till feel :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye !

Enter CAPHIS, and the servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro³ : What,
You come for money ?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too ?

Caph. It is ;—And yours too, Isidore ?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd !

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

² i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples : "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks."

³ It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner : for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again as soon as dinner's done, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cena* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt : such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again *,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit †,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's want

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six we
And past.—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES, and Lords*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you
[*to Flavius*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,

L 2

* i. e. to hunting, from which diversion we find by Flavius's f; he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our aut time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. The Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, w that Queen Elizabeth always while there, hunted in the afternoon

† i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consi with your other noble qualities.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd.

Flav. Pray draw near.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

[*Exit FLAVIUS.*]

*Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool.**

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*]

Isid. Serv. [*to Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool.

* I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities.

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are¹. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*to the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master;

L 3

¹ The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *branning*, and a sense of *scalding* is one of its first symptoms.

master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one^{*}: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.]

Fla. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Serv.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav.

^{*} Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it; and Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in the pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders⁹; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock¹,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim.

⁹ *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the offices of a house.

¹ i. e. a cockleyst, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use. HAMMER.

Hammer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Ti-
mon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.²
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument³ of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav.

them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a cock or pipe with a turning stopple *running to waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cocklesto*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that lying in waste is at all a phrase.

JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *wasteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

² Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures.

³ The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or for *evidences* and *proofs*.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts !

Tim. And, in fome fort, thefe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleffings ; for by thefe
Shall I try friends : You fhall perceive, how you
Miftake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius ! Servilius !

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will difpatch you feverally,—You, to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his honour to-day ;—You, to Sempronius ;—commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, fay, that my occasions have found time to ufe them toward a fupply of money : let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have faid, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? humph ! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, fir, [*to another Serv.*] to the fenators,
(Of whom, even to the ftate's beft health, I have
Deferv'd this hearing,) bid 'em fend o' the instant
A thoufand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the moft general way⁴,)
To them to ufe your fignet, and your name ;
But they do fhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can it be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are forry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wifh'd—they know not—
Something hath been amifs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And fo, intending other ferious matters⁵,
After diftafteful looks, and thefe hard fractions⁶,

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With

⁴ General is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time.

⁵ Is *regarding*, turning their notice to other things. To intend and to attend had anciently the fame meaning.

⁶ Broken hints, interrupted fentences, abrupt remarks.

With certain half-caps⁷, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—

'Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows have:
Their ingratitude in them hereditary⁸:

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;

'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—

Go to Ventidius,—[*to a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*to Flavius.*] be
not sad,

Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,

No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius lately

Bury'd his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd

Into a great estate: when he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;

Bid him suppose, some good necessity

Touche his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents:—that had, [*to Flavius*] give it
these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,

That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought is
bounty's foe;

Being free⁹ itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flaminius waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down
to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter

⁷ A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.

⁸ Hereditary, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called hereditary, he calls their ingratitude so.

⁹ Free,] is liberal, not parsimonious.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Afide.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer¹ to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectfully welcome, fir².—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, fir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, fir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, fir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you

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gone,

¹ These utensils of silver being much in request in Shakspeare's time, he has, as usual, not scrupled to place them in the house of an Athenian nobleman.

² — *very* respectfully welcome, &c.] i. e. respectfully.

gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares³ for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;
And we alive, that liv'd⁴? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation⁵,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights⁶? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature⁷
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour⁸! [*Exit.*

³ This coin is probably from the mint of the poet.

⁴ i. e. And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

⁵ This probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice.

⁶ Alluding to the *turning* or *acescence* of milk.

⁷ Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system.

⁸ — *his hour!* i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*.

SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Place.**Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1. *Stran.* We know him for no less⁹, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done¹ and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well!—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser.

⁹ That is, *we know him* by report to be *no less* than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person.

¹ — *are done* —] i. e. consumed.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous², I should not urge it half so faithfully³.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit.]

1. *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.*

² *Virtuous*, for strong, forcible, pressing. Or the meaning may more naturally be;—If he did not want it for a good use.

³ *Faithfully*, for servently. Zeal or *servant* usually attending *fidelity*.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

39

1. *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul, and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit⁴. Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for in my knowing
Timon has been this lord's father, and kept
His credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!
He does deny him, in respect of his⁵,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove
all others?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;

And

⁴ The passage is not so obscure as to provoke much enquiry. *This*, says he, is the soul or spirit of the world: every flatterer plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his friend.

⁵ That is, in respect of his fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars.

And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shews but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over⁶; Must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage to do him good⁷. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man
politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think,
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous
copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent
zeal, would set whole realms on fire⁸.

OF

⁶ Perhaps we should read—*striu'd*. They give him over *striu'd*; that is, prepared for immediate death by *strife*.

⁷ *I had such a courage—*] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.

⁸ This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon a project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil

TIMON OF ATHENS.

41

Of such a nature is his politick love.
 This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
 Save only the gods : Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows ;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house, [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two servants of Varro, and the servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Her. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
 One business does command us all ; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And fir Philotus too !

Pbi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour ?

Pbi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Pbi.

civil government according to scripture rules and examples ; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire. So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one ; but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker.

9.—*keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

42 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's¹; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge², the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1. Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:
What's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1. Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by
the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd³.

¹ That is, like him in blaze and splendour

"*Soles occidere et redire possunt.*" Catul.

² That is, of this commission, of this employment.

³ Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd*?

Enter

TIMON OF ATHENS.

49

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! fir, a word: Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. *[Exit FLAMINIUS.]*

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, fir?

1. *Var. Serv.* By your leave, fir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, fir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 'twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws;

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you; *[Exit.]*
For you serve knaves.

1. *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2. *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forlook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both. Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Pbi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim.

* It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

43

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
 t yours?—and yours?

Par. Serv. My lord,—

Par. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Tim. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their
 at their money; these debts may well be call'd def-
 te ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
 litors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,

Flav. Lucullus, and Sempronius;

Tim. all; I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

only speak from your distracted soul;

re is not so much left, to furnish out

oderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,

urge thee, invite them all: let in the tide

naves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Sen. My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's
 bloody;

necessary, he should die:

ing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1. *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

1. *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without

Without repugnancy? If there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 And the ass, more captain than the lion; the fellow,
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety;
 But who is man, that is not angry?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service,
 And slain in fight many of your enemies:
 How full of valour did he bear himself
 In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he's
 A sworn rioter⁹: he has a sin that often
 Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
 If there were no foes, that were enough
 To overcome him: in that beastly fury
 He has been known to commit outrages,
 An cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,

His

⁵ *What do we, or what have we to do, in the field.*

⁶ Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *felon* instead of *fellow*.

⁷ *Gust* is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin. Or, *Gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. So we say, it was done in a sudden *gust of passion*.

MALONE.

⁸ The meaning is, *I call mercy herself to witness*, that defensive violence is just.

⁹ A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. The expression seems to be similar to that of *sworn brother*.

His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security¹, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure; Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2. *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base²,
'To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1. *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect³;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage: banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1. *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.

And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt* Senators.

Alc.

¹ He charges them obliquely with being usurers.

² Base, for dishonour'd.

³ This reading may pass, but perhaps the authour wrote:

—our anger?

'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect. JOHNSON.

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !
 I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,
 While they have told their money, and let out
 Their coin upon large interest ; I myself,
 Rich only in large hurts ;—All those, for this ?
 Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
 Pours into captains' wounds ? banishment ?
 It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
 That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
 My discontented troops, and lay for hearts *.
 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds ;
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Musick. Tables set out : Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1. *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2. *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring †, when we encounter'd : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

* I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, [as Dr. Warburton thought,] or that *lay* should be changed into *play* [as Dr. Johnson proposed]. We should now say to *lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people ; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Ben Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Vol. IV. p. 33 :

“ *Lay for some pretty principality.*” GRAYWITT.

† A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be idly employed upon it.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed, fastened*, as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey.

JOHNSON.

2. *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1. *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1. *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1. *Lord.* What of you?

3. *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1. *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2. *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—

Come, bring in all together.

2. *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd!

3. *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. *Lord.* How? how?

2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2. *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3. *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2. *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3. *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as

they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
 You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
 Is your perfection*. This is Timon's last;
 Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
 Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces.

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies†,
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks‡!
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
 Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
 Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1. *Lord.* How now, my lords?
2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?
3. *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?
4. *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3. *Lord.*

* Your perfection, is the highest of your excellencies.

† —time's flies,] Flies of a season.

‡ A minute-jack is what was called formerly a Jack of the clock-house; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

§ Every kind of disease incident to man and beast.

|| This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords.

3. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat :—Did you see my jewel ?

4. *Lord.* Did you see my cap ?

2. *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1. *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3. *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves ! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens ! Matrons, turn incontinent ;
Obedience fail in children ! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads ! to general filth
Convert o' the instant, green virginity !
Do't in your parents' eyes ! bankrupts, hold fast ;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats ! bound servants, steal !
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law ! maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ² ! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
With it beat out his brains ! picy, and fear,

M 3

Religion

² The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone ; thy mistress is now *of* the brothel ; is now there. MALONE.

The sense is, Go, maid, with security to thy master's bed, *for thy mistress is a bawd to thy amours.* STEEVENS.

If the mistress was bawd to the maid, the maid must have known it without a prompter. MASON.

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrets, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live³!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
 Amen.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS⁴, with two or three Servants.

1. *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav.

³ Hanmer reads, *let confusion*: but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue.* JOHNSON.

⁴ Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes⁵
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you:
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[*giving them money.*]

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us⁶!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?

M 4

Who'd

⁵ So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most simple manner participated of them, sink all away, &c.

⁶ *Fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate.*

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood⁷,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb⁸
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature⁹.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;

The

⁷ Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition.

⁸ That is, the moon's; this *sublunary* world.

⁹ The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *besieged as it is by misery*, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune*, will despise beings of nature like its own. JOHNSON.—But *by* is here used for *without*.

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize⁹ of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist¹. Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads²:
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

M 5

To

⁹ Grize for step or degré.

¹ No insincere or inconstant supplicant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots.

² i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor, supposing *stout* to signify *healthy*, alters it to *sick*, and this he calls emending.

To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou, common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature³.— [*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—
 Thou'rt quick⁴,
 But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*keeping some gold.*]

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA, and TYMANDRA.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
 For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know
 thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
 Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
 Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look.

Pbry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee⁵; then the rot returns
 To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change!

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But

³ Lie in the earth where nature laid thee.

⁴ Thou hast life and motion in thee.

⁵ This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

5

But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
If thou wilt not promise⁶, the gods plague thee,
For thou art a man! if thou dost perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man!

⁶ *Alc.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not; that will
thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet⁷.

M 6

Tyman

⁶ That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hate man, I wish thee evil.

⁷ The author is alluding to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At the time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind in his *History of Physick*, Vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bone and the very man himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they used a tub for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary abstinence required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*.

Timon. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
'The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pry'thee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trou-
ble?

I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes⁸;

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,

Whose

⁸ The virgin that shews her bosom through the lattice of her cham-
ber.

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy⁹;
 Think it a bastard¹, whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
 And mince it fans remorse: Swear against objects²;
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
 Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon
 thee!

Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast
 thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd³. Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions⁴: Be whores still;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, fix months,
 Be quite contrary⁵; And thatch your poor thin roofs⁶

With

⁹ For *exhaust*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *extort*; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*.

¹ — a *bastard*.] An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.

² Perhaps *objects* is here used provincially for *abjects*.

³ That is, *enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores*.

⁴ You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations.

⁵ This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this: He had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery: that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in

With burdens of the dead ;—some that were hang'd,
No matter :—wear them, betray with them : whore still ;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And marr men's spurring⁷. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets⁸ shrilly : hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee⁹;
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians
bald ;

And

in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade ; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations.—On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair*, &c.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to court, he was advised not to *contrary* the king.

⁶ About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off.

⁷ — *men's spurring*.—] Hamner reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins*, would have this effect. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Quilllets* are subtilties.

⁹ The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to *provide for his private advantage*, for which *he leaves the right scent of public good*. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to *smell from the general weal*, and *foresee their own particular*. Shakespeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps, alludes, here to hunting.

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !⁹

Phr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewel, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TYMANDRA.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou,
[*digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm¹,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven²
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;

Yield

⁹ To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors.

¹ The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*.

² We should read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds.

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with/tygers, dragons, wolves and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas³;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
 This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes⁴, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper⁵.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,

And

³ The sense is this: O nature! cease to produce men, ensear thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; dry up thy marrows, on which they fatten with unctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plough-torn leas. Here are effects corresponding with causes, liquorish draughts with vines, and unctuous morsels with marrows, and the old reading literally preserved.

⁴ i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses.

⁵ Cunning here seems to signify counterfeit appearance.

The cunning of a carper, is the insidious art of a critick.

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thy-
self;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle⁶, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim.

⁶ *Aquila senectus* is a proverb. We learn from *Turberville's* book of falconry, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place.

Tim. What! a knave too?⁷

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before⁸:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content⁹.
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog¹.
Had'st thou, like us², from our first swath³, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect⁴, but follow'd

The

⁷ Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes to *vex* him, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that to *vex by design* is *villainy*, to *vex without design* is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies, *What! and knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but I now find thee likewise a *knave*.

⁸ Arrives sooner at *high wish*; that is, at the completion of its wishes.

⁹ Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content.

¹ Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which sect Apemantus was.

² There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

³ From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child.

⁴ Of obedience to laws.

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment³;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag⁶,
 Must be thy subject; who in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou had'st not been born the worst of men,
 Thou had'st been a knave, and flatterer⁷.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim,

3. i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakspeare frequently writes thus.

6 In *K. Richard III*, Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned.

We yet use the word *Ragamuffin* in the same sense. MASON.

7 Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical super-serviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEVENS.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
 Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but borch'd;
 If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
 Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
 For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
 Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
 where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
 mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but
 the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt,
 and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much euri-
 osity⁸; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised
 for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee⁹.

Apem.

⁸ i. e. for too much finical delicacy.

⁹ Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which
 through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument
 for it.

Apem. An thou had'st hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn¹, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were
remotion;

¹ The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the wisdom of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him.

Gesner Hist. Animal.

remotion²; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that see'st not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive³.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

[*throws a stone at him.*]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem.

² *Remotion* means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion. MALONE.

³ The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the meer necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That foder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter

* The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

† This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir T. Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskilfully, but with unwarrantable licence.

Enter Thieves.

1. *Thief*. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Thief*. It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. *Thief*. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. *Thief*. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *Thief*. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2. *Thief*. 'Tis his description.

3. *Thief*. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots?

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief*. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,

That you are thieves profest; that you work not

In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions⁶. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His

⁶ Regular, orderly, professions.

His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob⁷: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears⁸; the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture⁹ stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less¹, for this

⁷ Our authour's favourite daughter who married a physician, three years I believe before this play was written, could not have been much pleased with this passage. MALONE.

⁸ The moon is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea. Yet I think moon is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the sun, the moon, and the sea, rob one another by turns, but the earth robs them all: the sea, i. e. liquid surge, by supplying the moon with moisture, robs her in turn of the soft tears of dew which the poets always fetch from this planet. Soft for salt is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of her moist continent, *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 422. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to resolve the moon into salt tears; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears, being the cause of the liquid surge. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our authour here, and in other places to allude to the watery quality of that planet. MALONE.

⁹ — by a composture—] i. e. composition, compost.

¹ Steal not less,—] *Not*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!

Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.]

3. *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1. *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery².

2. *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1. *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made³!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely⁴ does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies⁵:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do⁶!

He has caught me in his eye: I will present

My

² *The malice of mankind is used for his malicious hatred of mankind.* He does not give us this advice to pursue our trade of stealing and to cut throats, from any good will to us, or a desire that we should thrive in our profession, but merely from the malicious enmity that he bears to the human race.

³ *An alteration of honour, is an alteration of an honourable state to a state of disgrace.*

⁴ *How rarely—*] How curiously; how happily.

⁵ He forgets his Pagan system here again.

⁶ It is plain, that in this whole speech friends and enemies are taken only for those who profess friendship and profess enmity; for the friend is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the enemy. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief under false professions of kindness.* The Spaniards have this proverb; *Despise me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves⁷, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I
love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping⁸:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weep-
ing!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild⁹. Let me behold

Thy

⁷ *Knows* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *vassal*.

⁸ I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we
might read:

— eyes do never give,

But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping:

Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) *but by lust or laughter, undisturbed by emotions of pity.* JOHNSON.

⁹ To turn wild is to distract. An appearance so unexpected, says
Timon, almost turns my savageness to distraction. Accordingly he ex-
amines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
 I sell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness⁹; and as rich men deal gifts,
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
 Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
 You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
 Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
 That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,
 Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
 Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
 My most honour'd lord,
 For any benefit that points to me,
 Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
 For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
 To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
 Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But

*Let me behold thy face. Surely this man
 Was born of woman.*

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:
Perpetual-sober gods!—

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation. *JOHNS.*
⁹ *If not* seems to have slipped in here, by an error of the press, from
 the preceding line. Both the sense and metre would be better without it.

But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men¹ ;
 Hate all, curse all : shew charity to none ;
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,
 Debts wither them to nothing : Be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
 And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
 Curses, stay not ; fly, whilst thou 'rt blest and free :
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The same. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet, and Painter ; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
 where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour
 hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and
 Tymandra had gold of him : he likewise enrich'd poor
 straggling soldiers with great quantity : 'Tis said, he
 gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for
 his friends ?

Pain. Nothing else : you shall see him a palm in
 Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore,
 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this sup-
 posed distress of his : it will shew honesty in us ; and is
 very likely to load our purposes with what they travel
 for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

N 3

Poet.

¹ Away from human habitations.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself²: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves³, before black-corner'd night⁴,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To

² *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's *case*, not his *person*.

³ Theobald with some probability assigns these two lines to the Poet.

⁴ I believe that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only, Night, which is as obscure as a *dark corner*. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "*a duke of dark corners*," STEEVENS.

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
 Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
 Fit I meet them.

[*advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
 Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
 Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
 Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
 What! to you!
 Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
 To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
 The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
 With any fize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
 You, that are honest, by being what you are,
 Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
 Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
 And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
 Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have
 gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
 Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit;
 Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
 Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

N 4

Tim.

3 A portrait was so called in our author's time.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[to the Poet.]

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

'That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
 That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
 Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
 Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
 That he's a made-up villain⁶.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
 Rid me these villains from your companies:
 Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught⁷,
 Confound them by some course, and come to me,
 I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in com-
 pany:—

Each man apart, all single, and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[to the Painter.]

Come

⁶ That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

I rather think, a complete or consummate villain. MALONE.

⁷ That is, in the jakes.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

81

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[to the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves!

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!—

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and
be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

N 5

1. *Sen.*

1. *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2. *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love⁸,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2. *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:

Which now the publick body⁹,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall⁹, restraining aid to Timon¹;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render²,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,

And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd

⁸ With one united voice of affection. All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*.

⁹ The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger of *their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades.

¹ I think it should be *refraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon. JOHNSON.

² *Render* is *confession*.

Allow'd with absolute power³; and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp⁴,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1. *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not

N 6

One

³ *Allowed* is licensed; privileged, uncontrolled. So of a buffoon, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will; a privileged scoffer.

⁴ A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use.

One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1. *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2. *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself :—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find
him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth⁵
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let four words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !

Graves

⁵ When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *embossed*. *Embossed* froth, is swollen froth ; from *bosse*, Fr. a tumour. The term *embossed*, when applied to a deer, is from *embocar*, Sp. to cast out of the mouth.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

85

Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1. *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril⁶.

1. *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1. *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his *sites*
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1. *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3. *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.]

⁶ *Dear*, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire*, *dreadful*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
 Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
 Some beast read this; there does not live a man⁷.
 Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this tomb
 I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
 Our captain hath in every figure skill;
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach. [A parley sounded.

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
 With all licentious measure, making your wills
 The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
 As slept within the shadow of your power,
 Have wander'd with our traver's'd arms⁸, and breath'd
 Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush⁹,
When

⁷ There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a foldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene.

⁸ — *traver's'd arms*—] Arms across.

⁹ A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is mature.

When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*¹: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind;
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
'To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2. *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1. *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them².

2. *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts³. March, noble lord,

Into
¹ The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear.

WARBURTON:
The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

² That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs.

³ Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some emendation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read:

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,
Hath broke their hearts.*

Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost excess. JOHNSON.

Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation, and a tithed death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth ;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1. *Sen.* All have not offended;
 For those that were, it is not square⁴, to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.

2. *Sen.* What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1. *Sen.* Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
 So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove ;
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports⁵ :
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning,—not a man
 Shall pass his quarter⁶, or offend the stream

Of

⁴ — *not square*—] Not regular, not equitable.

⁵ That is, *unguarded gates*. Or, *uncharged* may mean unattacked.

⁶ Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd, to your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alc. [*reads.*] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched
soul bereft :*

*Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left !*

*Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did hate :
Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not here thy
gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow⁸, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leach⁹.—
Let our drums strike¹. [*Exeunt.*]

⁷ This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph ; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

⁸ *Our brain's flow* is *our tears*.

⁹ — *leach.*] i. e. physician.

¹ The play of *Timon* is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art,

TIMON OF ATHENS.

art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the *modest* title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Miser*, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a play.

STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. *Newes.*

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [*r. that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authours commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [*r. it*] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgillous¹, their high blood chaf'd,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts²,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd³,—but not in confidence
 Of authour's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt⁴ and firstlings of those broils,
 'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

¹ *Orgillous*, i. e. proud, disdainful.

² To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more.
 To be *fulfilled* with grace and benediction, is still the language of
 our liturgy.

³ I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not de-
 fying the audience, in confidence of either the authour's or actor's
 abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress
 of war, before a warlike play.

⁴ The *van guard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*.

Persons Represented.

Priam, *king of Troy :*

Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,

} *his Sons.*

Æneas,
Antenor,

} *Trojan Commanders.*

Calchas, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

Pandarus, *Uncle to Cressida.*

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon, *the Grecian General :*

Menelaus, *his brother.*

Achilles,

Ajax,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Diomedes,

Patroclus,

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

Alexander, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam ; a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS arm'd, and PANDARUS.

Tro. **C**ALL here my varlet¹, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder² than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less³ as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my
part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that
will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grind-
ing.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan.

¹ This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior.

² — *fonder*—] i. e. more weak, or foolish.

³ Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skillless* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

A very *fond* and *skill-less* Remarker on this note, asks, "and does not *artless* refer to *art* and *artful*?"—Where will he find *art* and *artful* in this passage? The other words mentioned by Dr. Johnson have occurred before. MALONE.

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Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the boulting.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd ?

Pan. Ay, the boulting ; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening : but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking ; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser blench⁴ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit ;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor !—when she comes !—When is she thence ?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than ever I saw her look ; or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain ; Left Hector or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm) Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle or a smile : But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman ; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit : but—

Tro. O Pandarus ! I tell thee, Pandarus,— When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd, Reply not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love : Thou answer'it, She is fair ; Pour'it in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice ;

Handleft

⁴ To blench is to shrink, start, or fly off.

Handleſt⁵ in thy diſcourſe, O, that her hand,
 In whoſe compariſon all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
 The cygnet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
 Hard as the palm of ploughman⁶! This thou tell'ſt me,
 As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay—I love her;
 But, ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'ſt in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe
 is: if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not,
 ſhe has the mends in her own hands⁷.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought
 on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and
 between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus: what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo
 fair as Helen: an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be
 as fair on friday, as Helen is on ſunday. But what care
 I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one
 to me.

Tro. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a

⁵ *Handleſt* is here uſed metaphorically, with an alluſion at the ſame
 time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *handle* and *bandieſt*
 is perfectly in our authour's manner. The beauty of a female hand
 ſeems to have made a ſtrong impreſſion on his mind.

⁶ *In compariſon with Cressida's hand*, ſays he, *the ſpirit of ſenſe*,
 the utmoſt degree, the moſt exquisite power of ſenſibility, which im-
 plies a ſoft hand, ſince the ſenſe of touching, as Scaliger ſays in
 his *Exercitationes*, reſides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous
 and inſenſible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:—*ſpite of*
ſenſe: Hanmer,—to th' *ſpirit of ſenſe*. It is not proper to make a
 lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs in *ſpite of ſenſe*; for though he often
 does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of others, his own ſenſes are ſubdued to
 his deſires. JOHNSON.

⁷ She may mend her complexion by the aſſiſtance of cosmeticks.

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fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks;
and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part,
I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all
as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarm.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium⁸, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer forts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day? —

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne.

⁸ *Ilium* or *Ilion* (for it is spelt both ways) was according to Lydgate and the authour of the *Deſtruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is ſaid by theſe writers to have been built upon a high rock.

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might, were may.*—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA, and ALEXANDER.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd⁹, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry¹ in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light²,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

O 2

Alex.

⁹ Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant.

¹ *Husbandry* means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising.

² i. e. he put on light armour.

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Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or
have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of
their particular additions³; he is as valiant as the lion,
churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into
whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour
is crush'd into folly⁴, his folly sauced with discretion:
there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse
of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of
it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against
the hair⁵: He hath the joints of every thing; but every
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many
hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me smile,
make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the
battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good-morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good-morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk
of?—Good-morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?
When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was
Hector

³ Their peculiar and characteristick qualities or denominations. The
term in this sense is originally forensick.

⁴ To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*,
so as that they make one mass together.

⁵ Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*.
The French say—*à contrepoil*.

TROILOUS AND CRESSIDA. 11

Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan.—'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

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Pan. Nor his qualities ;—

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek⁶, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window⁷,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter⁸?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him ;—
she

⁶ *Græcari* among the Romans signified to play the reveller. The expression occurs in many old English books.

⁷ The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. A *covered* cieling is yet in some places called a *compass'd* cieling.

⁸ The word *lifter* is used for a *thief* by Greene, in his *Art of Cony-catching*, 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. *Elifstus*, in the Gothic language signifies a *thief*.

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she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cre. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O, yes; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was a more temperate fire under thep of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

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Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes over the stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre.

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Cre. Will he give you the nod⁹?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cre. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

O 5

Troilus

⁹ The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our authour's time, and long before, signify a *silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. *Cressid* means, that a *noddy shall have more nods*.

16 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot¹.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye²,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan.

¹ So the quarto. The folio, with less force,—give money to boot.

² To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind.

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act I. “—your *date* is better in your pye and porridge than in your cheek.” STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 17

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles³; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd:— [*Exit Pan.*]
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she⁴ belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

O 6

That

³ So read both the copies: yet perhaps the authour wrote:

—upon my wit, to defend my *will*.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

⁴ *That she*—] Means, that woman.

18 . TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Attchievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
 Then though my heart's content^s firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
 MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and untried,

The

^s Perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy: my well pleased heart.

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words ⁶. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk ?
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 'The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse ⁷ : Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize ⁸,
 Than by the tyger : but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade ⁹, Why, then, the thing of
 courage ¹,

As

⁶ Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will *attend particularly to*, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. MALONE.

⁷ Mercury according to the fable presented Perseus with *taloria*, but we no where hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus ; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the authour of *the Destruction of Troy*, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play.

⁸ The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*.

⁹ i. e. And flies *are* fled under shade. I have observed similar omissions in the works of many of our authour's contemporaries.

¹ It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

20 TROILIUS AND CRESSIDA.

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding ² fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*to Agamemnon.*
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,—
[*to Nestor.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue ³,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide

² *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous.

³ Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to shew the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue.—I once read for *band*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right.—To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr.

JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of engraving laws and publick records in brass, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

24

Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
When rank Therfites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule ⁴ hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive ⁵,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center ⁶,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander ⁷,

What

⁴ The particular rights of supreme authority.

⁵ The meaning is, *When the general is not to the army like the bee* to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected ?* what hope of advantage ? The sense is clear, the expression is confused.

⁶ By this *center* Ulysses means the earth itself, not, as Dr. Warburton supposed, the center of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move.

⁷ I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind ; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates.

22 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states⁸
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities⁹,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores¹,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace² goes backward, with a purpose

It

⁸ The epithet *married* is here used to denote an intimate union.—
 Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*.

⁹ Corporations, companies, *confraternities*.

¹ *Dividable* is here used to express *divided*.

² That goes backward *step by step*.

It hath to climb³. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
That next, by him beneath : so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation⁴ :

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own finews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The finew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame⁵,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests ;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless⁶ deputation he puts on ;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage⁷,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming⁸

He

³ With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior.

⁴ An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish.

⁵ Verbal elogium ; what our authour in *Macbeth* has called *mouth-bonour*.

⁶ *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *over-topping* it ; supreme ; sovereign.

⁷ The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our authour, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*.

⁸ i. e. wrested beyond the truth ; over-charged.

24 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this stuffy stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries—*Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.*—
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.

That's done ;—as near as the extreme ends
Of parallels⁹ ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent !*
'Tis Nestor right ! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget¹,
Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O !—enough, Patroclus ;—*
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact²,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes³.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head⁴

In

⁹ The parallels to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west.

¹ *Palsy*, Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, is here used adjectively, for *paralytick*. *Fumbling* is often applied by our old English writers to the speech.

² All our good *grace exact*, means, our *excellence irreprehensible*.

³ *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given : — *to make parodies.* JOHNSON.

⁴ Holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bristles*.

In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Therfites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint⁵),
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger⁶.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forefall pre-science, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger

⁵ i. e. as fast as a mint coins money.

⁶ A rank weed is a big weed.

26 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

A stranger to those most imperial looks?
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's ac-
cord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, tran-
scends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from
Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That

7 And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets.

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brafs voice through all these lazy tents ;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce⁸
Is rusty grown ; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords !
If there be one, among the fair't of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease ;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril ;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear ;
That loves his mistress more than in confession⁹,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves¹,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms² than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms ;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love :
If any come, Hector shall honour him ;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance³. Even so much.

Agam.

⁸ Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken ; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.*

⁹ *Confession*, for *profession*.

¹ That is, *confession made with idle words to the lips of her whom he loves.*

² *Arms* is here used equivocally, for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier.

³ This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas.

28 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas* ;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home : But we are soldiers ;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love !
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector ; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandfire suck'd : he is old now ;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace⁴ put this wither'd brawn ;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand ;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time-to bring it to some shape⁵.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride

That

⁴ An armour for the arm, *avantbras*.

⁵ i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation, which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery⁶ of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up⁷:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear't repute
With their fin't palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁸
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁹

To

⁶ Alluding to a plantation called a nursery.

⁷ That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, a measure, proportion. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*.

⁹ Small points compared with the volumes. Indexes were in Shakspeare's time often prefixed to books.

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To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; What are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Africk sun.
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion¹ crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort² to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall

. His

¹ — our main opinion —] is, our general estimation or character,

² The sort—] i. e. the lot.

His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX, and THERSITES.

Ajax. Therſites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all
 over, generally?

Ajax. Therſites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the
 general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see
 none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel
 then. [*strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel
 beef-witted lord⁹!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven¹, speak: I
 will beat thee into handſomenefs.

Ther.

⁹ He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's speech to Ajax in Act IV. sc. 1.

¹ *Unsalted* leaven means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

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Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and rail'st every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him².

Ajax. Mistress Therites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf³!

Ther. He would pun⁴ thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailer breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whorison cur!

[*beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax.

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the addition of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

In the preface to James the First's Bible the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

² I read, *O that thou bark'dst at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

³ A crusty uneven loaf is in some counties called by this name.

Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, says that a *cobloaf* is a *bun*; but, I believe, he is mistaken. A *cobnut* is a very large nut. So a *cobloaf* is, I suppose, a large, misshapen loaf. MALONE.

⁴ *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for *pound*.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch⁵!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego⁶ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold⁷ among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [beating him.]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Therlites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—

P 2

who

⁵ In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tyed across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse.

⁶ *Assinego* is Portuguese for a *little ass*. MUSGRAVE.

⁷ — *thou art bought and sold*—] This was a proverbial expression.

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who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,
—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom
he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool
will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of
the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not vo-
luntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here
the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so!—a great deal of your wit too lies in
your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a
great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a
were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was
mouldy ere your grandfires had nails on their ~~shoes~~—
yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the
wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou,
afterwards.

Patr.

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Patr. No more words, Therſites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach^s bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, ſir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt:

That Hector, by the firſt hour of the ſun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach; and ſuch a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis traſh: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who ſhall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwiſe,
He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays Neſtor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage elſe—
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be ſtruck off:—Hector, what ſay you to't?

Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpongy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,

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More

^s *Brach* was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is frequently uſed by Shakspeare for an ornament in general.

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*²
 Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand diſmes¹,
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing nor ours; not worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past proportion of his infinite²?
 And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons:
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest
 You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reason
 You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm:
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

² Who knows what *ill* consequences may follow from pursuing
 or that course?

¹ *Diſme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth.

² The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any*
portion. The modern editors silently give: *The vast proportion*—.

³ Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which
 Shakspeare's time were pronounced alike,

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 37

Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive⁴
To what infectionally itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit⁵.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will⁶;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder via ids
We do not throw in unrespective sieve⁷,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full concent⁸ belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;

P 4

And,

⁴ *The will dotes that attributes or gives the qualities which it affects; that first causes excellence, and then admires it.*

⁵ *The will affects an object for some supposed merit, which Hector says is censurable, unless the merit so affected be really there.*

⁶ *— in the conduct of my will; i. e. under the guidance of my will.*

⁷ *That is, into a common voider.*

⁸ *Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation.*

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And, for an old aunt⁹, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)

If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did^a,
Beggard the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caf. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Caf. [*within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Caf. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

⁹ Priam's sister, Hecione, whom Hercules, being enraged at ^{*Hec.*} ~~Priam~~ ^{*Laomedon*} breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax.

^a If I understand this passage, the meaning is: "Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did.—Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all:

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.]

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste² the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:

And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings, as your counsels:

But I attest the gods, your full consent³

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those:

This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,

P 5

Were

² Corrupt; change to a worse state. JOHNSON..

³ —your full consent—] Your unanimous approbation.

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Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape⁴
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hec. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now

What

⁴ *Rape* in our authour's time commonly signified *the carrying away* of a female.

What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills⁵, resist the same;
There is a law⁶ in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth⁷: yet, ne'ertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens⁸,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

P 6

Hea.

⁵ That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction.

⁶ What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations.

⁷ Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you.

⁸ The execution of spite and resentment.

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Heß. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowzy spirits:
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation⁹ in the army crept;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E I I I .

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Therfites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons¹, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter

⁹ That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

Emulation is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so.

¹ That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence.

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! 'The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blefs thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood² be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrowded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon!

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question³. Agammemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool⁴.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther.

² *Thy blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities.

³ Deduce the question from the first case to the last.

⁴ The four next speeches are not in the quarto.

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Ther. Peace, fool ; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man —Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool ; Achilles is a fool ; Therfites is a fool ; and, as aforefaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this ; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles ; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon ; Therfites is a fool, to ferve fuch a fool ; and Patroclus is a fool pofitive ⁵.

Patr. Why am I a fool ?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover ⁶.—It fuffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here ?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll fpeak with no body :—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is fuch patchery, fuch juggling ; and fuch knavery ! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore ; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions ⁷, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *ferpigo* on the fubject ! and war, and lechery, confound all ! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles ?

Patr. Within his tent ; but ill-difpos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here.

He fhent our meffengers ; and we lay by

Our appertainments, vifiting of him :

Let him be told fo ; left, perchance, he think

We dare not move the queftion of our place,

Or know not what we are.

Patr. I fhall fo fay to him.

[Exit.

Ulyf. We faw him at the opening of his tent ;
He is not fick.

Ajax.

⁵ The poet is ftill thinking of his grammar ; the firft degree of comparifon being here in his thoughts.

⁶ There feems to be a profane allufion in the laft fpeech but one fpoken by Therfites.

⁷ i. e. envious, contending, factions.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 45

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord. [*takes Agamemnon aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therситes?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composition, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move greatness, and this noble state⁸, To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot out-fly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do,

⁸ Person of high dignity; spoken of Agamemnon. Or, *Noble state* may mean *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.*

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Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
 Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
 Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
 We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,
 And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
 Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than him-
 self

Here tend the savage strangeness⁹ he puts on;
 Disguise the holy strength of their command,
 And under-write¹ in an observing kind
 His humourous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 That, if he over-hold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[*Exit ULYSSES.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks
 himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
 as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and alto-
 gether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
 grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam.

⁹ i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. To tend is to attend upon.

¹ To subscribe, in Shakspeare, is to obey.

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Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself; Is it not strange?

[*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self admision.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

And

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And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipping'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*]

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll path him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze² his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth³ that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood⁴.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the
patient.

[*Aside.*]

Ajax.

² To pheeze is to comb or curry. This undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kersey in his Dictionary, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified in our authour's time to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis cadere*, as he does to *seage*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption.

³ Not for the value of all for which we are fighting.

⁴ In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title: *The letting of humours blood in the head-vaine.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my-mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force him³ with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*to Agamemnon.*]

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But, 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous⁶, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog, that shall palter⁷ thus with us!

'Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composition;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all thy erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-

³ — *force him*—] i. e. stuff him. Farcir, Fr.

⁶ *Emulous* is here used in an ill sense, for *envious*.

⁷ That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements.

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Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield⁸
 To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn⁹, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
 Instructed by the antiquary times,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
 But pardon father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son¹.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS, and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you
 follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv.

⁸ i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

⁹ A *bound* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another.

¹ Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. B. Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*.

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Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better².

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Musick within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul³,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince

² *I hope, I shall know your honour better.*] The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*.

³ This may mean the *soul of love* invisible every where else.

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prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business' s teeth.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a flew'd phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS, and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits⁴.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan.

⁴ — in fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing.

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Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pándarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy⁵.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out⁶, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par.

⁵ The usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spie, bie*.

⁶ i. e. The reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two.

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Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds⁷

Not that it wounds⁸,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill⁹,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par.

⁷ To confound, it has already been observed, formerly meant to destroy.

⁸ i. e. that which it wounds.

⁹ The wound to kill may mean the wound that seems mortal. JOHNS.
The wound to kill is the killing wound. MASON.

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit. A Retreat sounded.*]

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin
Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

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Q

Pan.

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Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches
her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite:
I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches
her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.
[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS, and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her,
that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again?
you must be watch'd ere you be made tame¹, must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; can you draw back-
ward,

¹ Hawks were tam'd by being kept from sleep, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed.

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ward, we'll put you i'the fills².—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture³. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress⁴. How now, a kiss in fee-farm⁵! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river⁶: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*⁷—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. *[Exit PANDARUS.]*

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Q 2

Cre.

² That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon.

³ It should seem from these words that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, was intended to come in veil'd. Patroclus however had as usual a double meaning.

⁴ The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game.

⁵ Is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent.

⁶ Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *falcon* we generally understand the female. THEOBALD.

The meaning is, I will back the falcon against the tercel, I will wager that the falcon is equal to the tercel. MASON.

I think we should rather read:

— at the tercel, —. TYRWHITT.

⁷ Have set their hands and seals. So afterwards: "Come to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it."

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Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers⁸; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrousness in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we; Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will of our name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his condition shall be humble⁹. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressida, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth¹; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter

⁸ Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined; boasting that he will achieve more than ever knight performed.

⁹ We will give him no high or pompous titles.

¹ i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his constancy.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, with the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much. But I might master it:—in faith, I lie; My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves? But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man; Or, that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence, Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

Q 3

I am

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I am aham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try :

I have a kind of self resides with you ;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
'To be another's fool. I would be gone :—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love ;
And sell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts : But you are wise ;
Or else you love not ; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love ;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays² !
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match³ and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love ;
How were I then uplifted ! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth⁴.

Cres.

² *Blood* in Shakspeare frequently means desire, appetite.

³ I wish " my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love."

⁴ This is fine ; and means, " Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy." ARBUTHNOT.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 61

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel⁵, as plantage to the moon⁶,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse⁷,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states charactierless are grated
'To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be
the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's.
If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken

Q 4

such

⁵ *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile.

⁶ This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and *vade*."

⁷ Troilus shall crown the verse, as a man to be cited as the authentick author of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb.

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such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.

Off

Of't have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain*.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exeunt DIOM. and CAL.*]

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
'To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more

.Q 5

Than

* Her presence, says Calchas, shall strike off, or recompence, the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.

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Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt AGAM. and NEST.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit MEN.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit AJAX.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA: 65

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted⁹,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance¹, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

Q 6

And

⁹ However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned.

¹ In the detail or circumduction of his argument.

66 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax².

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !

How some men creep³ in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the ideots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !
'To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

That

² *Ajax*, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

³ *To creep* is to keep out of sight from whatever motive. Some men keep out of notice in the hall of fortune, while others, though they but play the ideot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

67

That one by one pursue ; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost ;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er run and trampled on : Then what they do in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours :
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object :
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions⁴ 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss.

⁴ The meaning of *missions* seems to be, *dispatches* of the gods from heaven about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy.

68 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters⁵.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state;
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought⁶, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle⁷) in the foul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid

Shall

⁵ Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was killed by Paris.

⁶ i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity. The expression is exquisitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to *keepe pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

⁷ There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover.

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Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves;
Omission to do what is necessary⁸

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector;
and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a
stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath
no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning:
bites his lip with a politick regard⁹, as who should say
— there

⁸ By neglecting our duty we commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us.

⁹ — with a politick regard,] With a sly look.

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—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent;

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr.

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Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on¹.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; so, that's the more capable creature².

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Boy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DELPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,

Did

¹ A catling signifies a small lute-string made of catgut. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon Catling.

² —the more capable creature.] The more intelligent creature.

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Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant fir,
During all question of the gentle truce³:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let *Æneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and ~~that~~ ^{the} morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you⁴; 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfrée'd Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,

With

³ Intercourse, interchange of conversation. Question of the gentle truce, is conversation while the gentle truce lasts.

⁴ I bring you his meaning and his orders.

With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. *[Exit.]*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece⁵;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore⁶.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par.

⁵ i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown.

⁶ The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weigh'd one against the other, are exactly equal; in each of the scales, however, in which their merits are to be weigh'd, a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.

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Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the house of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS, and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cre. Good morrow then.

Tro. I pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre.

7 I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not sell* STEEVENS.

The sense I think, requires we should read—*condemn*. TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been understood), but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you pay dear for, if you have her. MALONE.

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Cre. P'ythée, tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,
 And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
 I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?—
 Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
 You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
 what have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er
 be good,
 Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poorwretch! a poor capocchia!—
 hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man,
 let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]

Cre. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'
 the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
 My lord, come, you again into my chamber:
 You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such
 thing.— [*Knocking.*]
 How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
 I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt TRO. and CRE.*]

Pan. [*going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the mat-
 ter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's
 the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I
 knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne.

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Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash^s: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!— I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

^s My business is so busy and so abrupt.

Enter

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cre. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?
Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch⁹ of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁹ — no touch —] No feeling, no sensation.

SCENE

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

S C E N E III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning¹; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit Tro.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS, *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

¹ — great morning;] *Grand jour*; a Gallicism.

Enter

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus! [*embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

——— o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lams?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as he stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

Vol. VI.

R

And

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears¹.

Ene. [*within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
 Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
 Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears; rain, to lay this wind, or
 my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pan.*]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!—
 When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
 For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
 For I will throw my glove to death himself²,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart:
 But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
 As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
 sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation.
 But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
 The Grecian youths are full of quality;
 They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
 flowing,

And

¹ i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken scabs*, or *broken slumbers*.

² That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 31

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt³, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity⁴;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

3 — *the high lavolt,*] The *lavolta* was a dance.

4 The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

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*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS, and
DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port⁵, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is⁶.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece;
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust⁷: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—

Lady,

⁵ The port is the gate.

⁶ I will make thee fully understand. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our authour.

⁷ Lust was used formerly as synonymous to pleasure.

Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TRO. CRES. and DIO. *Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lifts set out.

Enter, AJAX arm'd ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias cheek^a
Out-swell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
'Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;

R 3

He

^a Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

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He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to live,¹
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men.

¹ This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

² I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. JOHNSON.
I believe this only means—I'll lay my life. TYRWHITT.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cre. Why, beg then².

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kifs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick senie.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive³ of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome⁴ ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thought;
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity⁵,
And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet!

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR *arm'd*, ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other*
Trojans, *with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
to him

That victory commands? Or do you purpose,

R 4

A victor

² For the sake of rhyme we should read: *Why beg two.*

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

³ *Motive for part that contributes to motion:*

⁴ A conciliatory welcome; that makes silent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word.

⁵ Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey.

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A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done⁶,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir.

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector⁷;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood⁸:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek⁹.
Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is fir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand

⁶ 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*:—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON. *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers.

⁷ Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour."

⁸ Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans.

⁹ Hence Patroclus in a former scene called Ajax a mongrel.

Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
 Concent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought^a with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects^b; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindicative than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me^c.

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dia. As Hector pleases.

R 5

Hect.

^a A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

^b That is, *yields, gives way*.

^c Thus explain his character.

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Hec. Why then, will I no more :—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's-son,
 A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;
 The obligation of our blood forbids
 A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :
 Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou could'st say—*This band is Grecian all,*
And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,
 Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
 Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
 My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
 Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
 I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
 Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself
 A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
 What further you will do.

Hec. We'll answer it⁶ ;
 The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
 (As told I have the chance, I would desire

My

⁵ My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the authour meant Achilles himself ; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

⁶ That is, answer the expectance.

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish : and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hec. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hec. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon ?

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[to Troilus.]

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hec. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hec. O, you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks !
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath ;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Hec. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

R 6

Through

? *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification.

90 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
 As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 Despising many forfeits and subduements,
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hea. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hea. I would, they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hea. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
 For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
 Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
 Must kiss their own feet.

Hea. I must not believe you:
 There they stand yet; and modestly I think,

The

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
 After the general, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
 And quoted joint by joint⁸.

HeA. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

HeA. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

HeA. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
 As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HeA. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
 But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
 Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
 That I may give the local wound a name;
 And make distinct the very breach, whereout
 Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

HeA. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
 To answer such a question: Stand again:
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

HeA. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
 For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
 But, by the forge that smithy'd⁹ Mars his helm,

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⁸ To quote is to observe.

⁹ A *smithy* is the northern term for an anvil. The word is still used in Yorkshire.

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I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
 His insolence draws folly from my lips;
 But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
 Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
 Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
 You may have every day enough of Hector,
 If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
 Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him¹.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
 We have had pelting wars², since you refus'd
 The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
 To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
 To-night, all friends.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
 There in the full convive³ we: afterwards,
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
 Concur together, severally entreat him.—
 Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but Tro. and Ulyss.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
 There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
 Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
 After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
 To bring me thither?

Ulyss.

¹ Ajax means to insinuate that Achilles was afraid of fighting with Hector. To have a *stomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it.

² i. e. petty, inconsiderable wars.

³ To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch⁴ of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol
of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box⁵, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet⁶, you rogue! what's that?

Ther.

⁴ *Batch* signifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh.

⁵ In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tent*.

⁶ Hanmer reads—*male barlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies⁷, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt⁸; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk⁹, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!¹

Ther. Finch egg²!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token

⁷ This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. JOHNSON.

⁸ Patroclus reproaches Therites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.

⁹ All the terms used by Therites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness.

¹ Hanmer reads—*nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out, gall!*

² Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg; or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEVENS.

A token from her daughter, my fair love³;
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
 Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
 My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
 Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent;
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
 Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt ACHIL. and PATR.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these
 two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too
 little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's
 Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that
 loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax:
 And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,
 the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial
 of cuckolds⁴; a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain,
 hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he
 is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced
 with wit⁵, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is
 both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox
 and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad,
 a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe,
 I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire
 against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I
 were

³ This is a circumstance taken from the story book of The three
 destructions of Troy.

⁴ He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as him-
 self explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a
 cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i. e.
 his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great arche-
 type of his character. WARBURTON.

The memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such,
 upon the common supposition that both bulls and cuckolds were fur-
 nished with horns. HEATH.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*,
 the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. W. I think, mistakes.
 It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive statue, &c.* MALONE.

⁵ Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not
 well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By *loving quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots.
 A *quail* is remarkably salacious. STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. MALONE.

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were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits, and fires⁶!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and DIOMED, *with lights*.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught⁷: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. and MEN.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company. [*aside to Troilus.*]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYS. and TRO. following.]

Achil.

⁶ This Therfites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

⁷ *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* *ACHIL.* *HECT.* *AJAX,* and *NEST.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound³; but when he performs, altronomers foretel it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab⁴, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter *DIOMED.*

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed. — Calchas, I think. — Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*within.*] She comes to you.

Enter *TROILUS,* and *ULYSSES,* at a distance; after them
THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter *CRESSIDA.*

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight⁵.

Ther.

³ If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, *Brabbling curs never want sore ears.*

⁴ This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lidgate.

⁵ We now say—sing at sight. The meaning is the same.

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Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff²; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn,—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:

You

² — *ber cliff*;] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song, and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as *bass*, *tenor*, or *treble*, it is proper for. SIR J. HAWKINS.

You flow to great destruction³; come, my lord.

Tro. I pry'thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury⁴, with his fat rump, and
potatoc finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio.

³ *You flow to great destruction:*] means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to imminent danger.

⁴ *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our English writers.

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoc finger*? This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780.

“ This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*—There is not any that hath writtten of this plant;—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when

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Dio. But will you then ?

Cre. In faith, I will, la ; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord ;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel ; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge ; now, now, now !

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve⁵.

Tro. O beauty !

Where is thy faith ?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve ; Behold it well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench !—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was't ?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will

when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine ; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with greedinesse*."

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : " — Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes ; let a *tempest of provocation* come."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginia potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish fort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisfarum Peruvianum*, i.e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *jolanum*, and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a *native of Mexico*.

⁵ The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in *Hall's Chronicle*, fol. 12 : " One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

I will not meet with you to-morrow night :

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens ;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this ?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods !—O pretty pretty pledge !
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me ;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed ; 'faith you shall
not ;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this ; Whose was it ?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it ?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder⁶,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm ;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ;—And yet it is
not ;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go :—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther.

⁶ i. e. the stars which she points to.

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Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel till then.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come. [Exit *Dio.*

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.⁷—

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more⁸,
Unless she say'd, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears⁹;

As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan¹.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss.

⁷ I think it should be read thus:

But my heart *with* the other eye doth see. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with *the other eye my heart* doth see. TYRWHITT.

One eye, says Cressida, looks on Troilus; but the other follows
Diomed, where my heart is fixed. MALONE.

⁸ She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

⁹ That turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against them-
selves.

¹ That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks—apt, with a theme,
For depravation²,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can foil our
mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ulyss. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If soul guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself³,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority⁴! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt⁵; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable⁶
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division

² Critick has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick*. MALONE.

³ May mean, If there be *certainly* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one* is *one*.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me.

⁴ There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against* himself upon authority which he knows *not* to be *valid*. The quarto is right.

⁵ The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*.

⁶ i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he had unfortunately found that it sometimes is.

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Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are plipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed⁷.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus⁹ be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's self,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let ail untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter

⁷ A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

⁸ The image is not of the most delicate kind. "Her o'er-eaten faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was surfeited, and, like one who has over-eaten himself, had thrown off. All the preceding words, the fragments, scraps, &c. show that this was Shakspeare's meaning. MALONE.

⁹ Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses.

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Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord,
adieu:—

Farewel, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode.
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of
this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond,
than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still,
wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burn-
ing devil take them! [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR, and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hec. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Hec. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

S 2

Cas.

i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

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Cas. O, it is true.

Hec. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hec. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose², that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hec. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hec. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth,

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion³, than a man.

Hec.

² The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent."

³ The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

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Heß. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Heß. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Heß. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Heß. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Heß. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Heß. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

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Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hec. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.

Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewel. Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hec. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewel: The gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR. Alarums.*]

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick—
troubles

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. 109

troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; *[Tearing the letter.]*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds. *[Exeunt severally.]*

S C E N E IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old monse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up, in policy, that mungrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:

S 4

I do

110 TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:

I do not fly ; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude :
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore,
Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMED, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's
match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave;
a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a
plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swal-
low'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet,
in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E V.

The same.

Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pass'd corse of the kings
Epithropus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;

Amphimachus,

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Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nes. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁴
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastick execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bada him win all.

⁴ *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. Modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *sculls*.

*Enter AJAX.**Ajax.* Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [Exit.*Dio.* Ay, there, there.*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.*Enter ACHILLES.**Achil.* Where is this Hector?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.

Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

*Another part of the field.**Enter AJAX.**Ajax.* Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head!*Enter DIOMED.**Dio.* Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?*Ajax.* What would'st thou?*Dio.* I would correct him.*Ajax.* Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!*Enter TROILUS.**Tro.* O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone; stand, Diomed.*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon's.*Tro.* Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you
both. [Exeunt, fighting.*Enter HECTOR.**Hec.* Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*.

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Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

HeA. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
'Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit.

HeA. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

HeA. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it⁶, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;

S 6

In

⁶ The word *crush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it.—
Hammer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

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In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—

It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [Exeunt]

S C E N E VII.

The same.

Enter MENELAUS, and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard-begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IX.

Another part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hec. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.]
Enter

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Enter ACHILLES, *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :
Even with the veil [?] and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hec. I am unarm'd ; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ; this is the man I seek.

[*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink down ;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain. [*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheath's his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching.* *Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Within. Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be ;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along :—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If

? The *veil* is the *sinking* of the sun ; not *veil* or *cover*.

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If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI.

Another part of the field.

Enter ÆNEAS, and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd
coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;

I'll

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I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS, and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lacquey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit Tro.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd!
O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work,
and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so
loved, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for
it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester^s would hiss:
Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases⁹. [*Exit.*]

^s The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester.

Some galled Winchester goose may mean, either a strumpet that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. MASON.

⁹ This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his

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his view or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Therites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of *Homer*. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six Plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens:—*Tortive*,—*persifive*,—*protraffive*,—*importless*,—*insisture*,—*deracinate*, *dividable*. And in the next Act,—*past-proportion*,—*unrespective*,—*propugnation*,—*self-assumption*,—*self-admission*,—*assubjugate*,—*kingdom's*, &c. TAYLOR.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.



* * ON what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, 'is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the authour, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I once intended not to have admitted it into the present edition; but that every reader may be enabled to judge for himself, I have inserted it. MALONE.

It is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the authour, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. JOHNSON.

Persons Represented.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Lucius,
Quintus,
Martius,
Mutius,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

Æmilius, *a noble Roman.*

Alarbus,

Chiron,

Demetrius,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, *Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans, Goths, and Romans.*

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Rome; and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. Before the Capitol.

the tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Lead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
When let my father's honours live in me,
For wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my
right,—

Never Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Vere gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this privilege to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert, election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your chins.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes,—the people live by laws, and by friends,
Not by the sword for rule and empery,—

Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
 A special party, have, by common voice,
 In election for the Roman empery,
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
 For many good and great deserts to Rome ;
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within the city walls :
 He by the senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
 In coffins from the field ;
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
 Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
 That ~~you~~ withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
 In thy uprightness and integrity,
 And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
 Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
 Commit my life in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of Bassianus.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been forward in my rights,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[Exeunt the followers of Saturninus.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and exeunt with Senators, Marcus, &c.]

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, and Others.

Cap. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS;
after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black;
then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS
ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS,
CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths,
prisoners; soldiers and people, following. The bearers
set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,

There is as well as my. We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the death of Andronicus with mourning habits.

JOHNSON.

that they were mourning for their emperor who was just dead.

STEEVENS.

8 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To re-salute his country with his tears ;
 Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
 Thou great defender of this Capitol ;
 Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—
 Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
 Half of the number that king Priam had,
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,
 With burial amongst their ancestors :
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?—
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren ;— Gracious conqueror,
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son ;
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 Think my son to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in thy streets,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

9

For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius,
with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Cbi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS,
with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to bury our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

VOL. VI.

T

Tit.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Trumpet sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise²!

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BAS-
SIANUS, and Others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness³.

Ang

² To live in fame's date is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression. To outlive an eternal date, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. JOHNSON.

³ The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

11

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;
 And name thee in election for the empire,
 With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
 What! should I don this robe⁴, and trouble you?
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all?
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
 And led my country's strength successfully;
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
 But not a sceptre to control the world:
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery⁵.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honour thee, and will do till I die;
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

T 2

I will

⁴ —don this robe,] i. e. do on this robe; put it on.

⁵ Here is rather too much of the *εὐγενὴς κτήνη*.

I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal :
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !* [*A long flourish.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,

Rome

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

13

Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[to Tamora.]

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord⁶; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia — Romans, let us go:
Randomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with tramp and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[seizing Lavinia.]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
T 3 Treason,

⁶ It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) would have escaped censure on the score of poetic justice.

Treason, my lord ; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd ! By whom ?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away.

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy !

Barr'd me my way in Rome ?

[*Titus kills Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help !

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust ; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine ;

My sons would never so dishonour me :

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will ; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not.

Neither, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;

Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a sale of,

But Saturnine ? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous ! what reproachful words are these ?

Sat. But go thy ways ; go, give that changing piece⁷

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To

⁷ —*changing piece*—] Spoken of Lavinia. Piece was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt.

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome^a.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his followers; TAMORA, and her sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid^b to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—

T 4

Nor

^a A ruffler was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. See Greene's *Ground-work of Cony-catching*, 1592.

To ruffle meant, to be noisy, disorderly, turbulent. A ruffler was a boisterous swaggerer. MALONE.

^b I am not bid—] i. e. invited.

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Matius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr.

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax.

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son.

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

**Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;
TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS and AARON: At
the other; BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and Others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean-while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know,—

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
 To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
 Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
 That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
 A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
 'Tis thou, and thole, that have dishonour'd me:
 Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
 And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
 I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
 For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
 Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
 Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your grief, and discontents:
 You are but newly planted in your throne;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
 And so supplant you for ingratitude,
 (Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And raze their faction, and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
 And make them know, what 'tis to let a

queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in
 vain.—

[*Aside.*]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

1

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, add to his highness
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest,

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, if it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt*

T O

A C

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the zodiack in his glittering coach,
 And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
 So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
 Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made emperess.
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
 This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
 This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
 And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
 'Tis not the difference of a year, two,
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
 I am as able, and as fit, as thou.

Te,

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs ! ! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
 Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends ?
 Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
 Till you know better how to handle it.

Cbi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? *[They draw.]*

Aar. Why, how now, lords ?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;
 I would not for a million of gold,
 The cause were known to them it most concerns :
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
 Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I ; till I have sheath'd
 My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
 Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
 That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Cbi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
 Foul-spoken coward ! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
 It is to put upon a prince's right ?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?

Young lords, beware !—an should the emperor know
 This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Cbi.

! The usual exclamation formerly, when an affray arose.

17 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Cbi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice :—
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Cbi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I do love:

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill⁷
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive⁸; we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*]

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seem, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools
To square for this? Would it offend you then,
That both should feed?

Cbi. Faith, not me.

Dem. No, so I were one.

Aar.

⁷ A Scots proverb. "Mickle water gets by the miller when he sleeps."

⁸ A shive is a slice.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Aar. For shame, be friends ; and join for that you
 'Tis policy and stratagem must do
 That you affect ; and so must you resolve ;
 That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.
 Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
 Than this Lavinia, Bassanus' love,
 A speedier course than lingering languishment
 Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
 My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand ;
 There will the lovely Roman ladies troop :
 The forest walks are wide and spacious ;
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind ⁴ for rape and villainy :
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit ⁵,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend ;
 And she shall file our engines with advice ⁶,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull ;
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your toll
 There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye
 In Lavinia's treasury.

Dem. My counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream

To cool his heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Stygiae inferos vehor.—

[*E.*

⁴ That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*.

⁵ *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism.

⁶ i. e. remove all impediments from our design.
 Allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by con-
 tact, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose
 a piece of machinery.

S C E N E II.

A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of bounds, heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor, and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BAS-
SIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and At-
tendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;—
Madam, to you as many and as good !—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye
Our Roman hunting.

[*to Tamora.*]

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the forest,
And climb the highest promontory

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the hound
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But

* The division of this play into acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second act ought to have begun. JOHNSON.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [E

SCENE III.

A desert part of the forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it^a.
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest^b;
That have their alms out of the empress' chest^c. [hides th

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When in the form they were surpris'd,
And with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber:
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious bin

^a To inherit formerly signified to possess.

^b Unrest, for *disquiet*, is a word frequently used by the old

^c This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep,

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy ?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day :
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll :—
Now question me no more, we are espied ;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes :
Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS, and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here ? Rome's royal
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her ;
Who hath abandoned her holy grove
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps :—
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's ; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,

Tam.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Thou thought you have a goodly gift in horning ;
 And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
 Are singled forth to try experiments :
 Ove'shield your husband from his hounds to-day !
 'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian,²
 Both make your honour of his body's hue,
 Potted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train ?
 Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
 And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
 Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
 Whose foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
 Great reason that my noble lord be rated
 For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
 And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love ;
 This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long
 Good king ! to be so mightily abus'd !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother !
 Why doth your highness look so pale and wan ?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?
 These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
 A barren detested vale, you see, it is :

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 Overcome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the night hawk,³ or fatal raven.

And, when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins.

² *Swarth is black.* The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

³ He had not yet been married but one night.

Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body, hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here
 Unto the body of a dismal yew;
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.
 [*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted hope⁵ braves your mightiness:
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire;
 Let not this wasp out live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav.

* This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.

⁵ Painted hope is only specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam ?

O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee :

The milk, thou suck'd'st from her, did turn to marble ;

Even at thy teat thou had'st thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;

Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity. [to Chiron.

Gbi. What ! would'st thou have me prove myself a
bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true ; the raven doth not hatch a lark ;

Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now !)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless :—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent ;

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place :

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more.

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :

O, kee

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

O, keep me from their worse-than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Cbi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her
husband; [*dragging off Lavinia.*]
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*]
Tam. Farewel, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deslow'r. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Martius falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
here;

That

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring^o, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And strews the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart.

^o There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence.

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Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Fill thou art here aloft, or I below :

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*falls in*]

Enter SATURNINUS, and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead ? I know, thou dost but jest :
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king ?

Sat. Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[*giving a letter*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy ;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him ;
Thou know'st our meaning : Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it.]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, *[to Tit.]* fell curs of bloody
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, & wish'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungente hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflow'ered thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—

Yet

⁷ If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
 Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
 O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
 Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus hath thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the filken strings delight to kiss them;
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
 Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
 As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of justice, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;

U 2

And

And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
 For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the prisoners.]

O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns ;
 Than youthful April shall with all his showers :
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes ! O gentle aged men !
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;
 And let me say, that never wept before,
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain ;
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
 Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,
 They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,
 All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones ;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale :
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tygers?
Tygers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
And now like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer⁹; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—

Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

⁹ The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle,

“The pale that held my lovely *deer*.” JOHNSON.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;

Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes. —

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips ;

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain ;

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd ; like meadows, yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood ?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?

What shall we do ? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece : — good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs :

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee ;

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

O, what a sympathy of woe is this !

As far from help as limbo is from bliss¹.

¹ The *limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and these good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive ;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor ! O, gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand ;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent ; my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Aside.*

[*He cuts off Titus's band.*

Enter LUCIUS, and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:

Tell him, it was a hand that warded him

From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;

And yet dear too; because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,

Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—

Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

[*Aside.*

Doth sat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,

Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me? [*to Lav.*

Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
 Then must my earth with her continual tears
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
 For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
 But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
 Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
 For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
 And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
 Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
 These miseries are more than may be borne!
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
 But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
 And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
 That ever death should let life bear his name,
 Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[Lavinia kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kifs is comfortless,
 As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
 Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
 Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
 Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
 Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
 Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
 Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
 Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh! it fits not with this!

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed;

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teet
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAV

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'torefore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen,

Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exit.

S C E N E II.

A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,
a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now fit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot passionate^a our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs! [*to Lav.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with fighting, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk!

As

^a This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks³:—
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice⁴, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]
 What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother; Get thee gone;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother⁵
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buz lamenting doings in the air⁶?

³ —mesh'd upon her cheeks:] A very coarse allusion to brewing.

⁴ By constant or continual practice.

⁵ Mother perhaps should be omitted, as the following line is only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confine thoughts to the sufferings of a father.

⁶ Lamenting doings is a very idle expression, and conveys no idea—dolings—.

The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition

Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, fir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—

Ah, firrah⁷, yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :

I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's House.

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS,
LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandfire, help ! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why :—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes !

single letter, is a great increase of the sense ; and though, indeed,
there is somewhat of a tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed
to it, yet that's no new thing with our author. THEOBALD.

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event,
is a common though not an elegant expression. STEVENS.

⁷ *Ab, firrah,—*] This was formerly not a disrespectful expression.
Poins uses the same address to the Prince of Wales.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth mean:—

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator².

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus!

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow; That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

*[Lavinia turns over the books which Lu-
bas let fall.]*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means th
Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

² Tully's treatise on eloquence, addressed to Brutus, and called *Orator*. The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read Tully's *oratory*.

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis* ;
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leaves !
Help her : What would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother see ; note, how she quotes the leaves⁹.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—
See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there !)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies !

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed :
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by
me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—
My lord, look here ;—look here, Lavinia :
This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name

Without.

⁹ To quote is to observe. STEVENS.

Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

*Tit.—Magne Dominator poli¹,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere²,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traiterous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
'The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.

¹ *Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolitus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy.

² *Feere* signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband.

The word *feere* or *pbeere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatic writers and others.

You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
 And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel³ will write these words,
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad.
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
 For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents, that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
 Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
 Ay, marry, will we, fir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy:

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
 Revenge the heavens⁴ for old Andronicus! [Exit.]

³ A gad, from the Saxon *gād*, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument.

⁴ *Revenge the heavens—*] We should read:

Revenge thee, heavens!—WARBURTON.

It should be:

Revenge, ye heavens!

Ye was by the transcriber taken for *y^e*, the. JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge, &c.* STEEVENS.

I believe we should read

Revenge then heavens. TYRWHITT.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

51

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy^s, lovely Lucius; What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round
about?

Let's see;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque parus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just;—a verse in Horace;—right, you have
it.

Now,

s Gramercy,—] i. e. grand mercy; great thanks.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest⁶! the old man hath found
their guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar

⁶ This mode of expression was common formerly; So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Here's no fine villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *sound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—Here's no *sound* jest. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS,

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er-a whit at all,
Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest ! What hath he sent her ?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam ; a joyful issue

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue :
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, you whore ! is black so base a hue ?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done ?

Aar. That which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother ?

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice !
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend !

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must ; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse ? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole* on my rapier's point :
Nurse, give it me ; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

7 To do is here used obscenely.

* A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[takes the child from the nurse, and draws—]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey, out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-limn'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Cbi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape¹.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Cbi. I blush to think upon this ignomy².

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer³:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of

¹ —for this foul escape.] This foul illegitimate child.

² —this ignomy,] i. e. ignominy.

³ —another leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
 My son and I will have the wind of you:
 Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join
 league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
 The chafed boar, the mountain lions,
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
 But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
 And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away³:
 Go to the empress; tell her this I said:—*[stabbing]*
 Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
 this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
 Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
 A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
 And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack with him⁴, and give the mother gold,

³ This proverb is introduced likewise in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act

⁴ Pack here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain*.
 may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to *act collud*

And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own:
 Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physick;

[*pointing to the nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
 Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the nurse.*]

Aar Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
 For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
 Sir boy, let me see your archery; look
 Ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astra reliquit:—
 Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.

As

Hrs, take you to your tools. Your consins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily you may find her in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth;
 Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
 I pray you, deliver him this petition:
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
 And that it comes from old Andronicus,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
 Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
 Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
 This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night to attend him carefully;
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
 What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
 If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
 He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
 Yet wrung with wrongs^s, more than our backs can bear :—
 And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,
 To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs :
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—Here, *ad Apollinem* :—

Ad Martem, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
 Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done !

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord ; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;

And who should find them but the empress' villain ?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes : God give your lordship joy

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clown. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath
 taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd
 till the next week.

Tit.

^s To wring a horse is to press or strain his back.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, fir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons fir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, fir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to prefs to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs⁶, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, fir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, fir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, fir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand; fir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, fir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

X 2

Clown.

⁶ I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors. STEVENS.

HAMMER supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go :—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and Others : Saturninus with the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt ?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks ?
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress :
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
This to Apollo ; this to the god of war :
Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome !
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where ?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages :
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'lt conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,

The

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all: [4
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us.

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be emper

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give
 good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple
 pigeons here. [Saturninus reads the letter]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, firrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought
 neck to a fair end. [Exit, gaudy]

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne?—as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm^s, my lords; Rome never had more
 The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
 Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under conduct

X 3

^s Arm is here used as a dissyllable.

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ;
 Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
 As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ?
 These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach :
 'Tis he, the common people love so much ;
 Myself hath often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,)
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not your city strong ?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius ;
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
 Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody :
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit : for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
 Then baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep⁶ ;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will :
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises ; that were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—

Go

⁶ *Honey-stalks* are clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die.

JOHNSON.
 " These honey stalks, whatever they may be, (says Mr. Mason,) are described as *rotting* the sheep, not *burfling* them : whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them."—Perhaps the authour was not so skillful a farmer as the commentator. MALONE.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

63

Go thou before, be our ambassador : [*10* *Æmilius*,

Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus ;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly², and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs ;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1. Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st, —
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields, —
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

X 4

Goths.

² *Then go successantly,*] Whether the authour of this play had any authority for this word, I know not ; but I suspect he had not. In the next act he with equal licence uses *rapine* for *rape*. By *successantly* I suppose he meant *successfully*. MALONE.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.

2. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;

And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon the wasted building, suddenly

I heard a child cry underneath a wall:

I made unto the noise; when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:

Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,

Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:

But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,

Will bold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.

With this, my weapon drawn I rush'd upon him,

Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,

'To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:

This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye^a;

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?

Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?

A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,

And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—

First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;

A fight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get

^a Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Get me a ladder³.

[A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to

Aar. Lucius, save the child;

And bear it from me to the emperess.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,

That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason; villainies

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried by my death,

Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god,
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence—

To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the emperess.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity.

X 5

³ Get me a ladder, may mean, hang me.

66 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
 'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus :
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ;
 and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself !

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;
 That coddling spirit ⁴ had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head ⁵.—
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay :
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen, and her two sons ;
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;
 And when I told the empress of this sport,
 She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Getb. What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even

⁴ That *love of bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words in Ray's *Proverbs*.

⁵ An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
 Few come within the compass of my curse,)
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself :
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil⁶ ; for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire ;
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth, with ÆMILIUS.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome ?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me :
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house ;
 Willing you to demand your hostages,

X 6

⁶ *Bring down the devil ;—* It appears, from these words, that audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned.

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1. *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock*]

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murder and of death :
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfries, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there ?

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder : therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

[So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.] I do not know an instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder*, and means the violent act of detention of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed since discovered that Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, v. fol. 116. b. uses *ravine* in the same sense. STEVENS.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are !
 And you, the empress ! But we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :
 And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus, from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy :
 Whate'er I forge, to feed his-brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
 And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :
 Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house ;—
 Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—
 How like the empress and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?—
 For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a Moor ;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.—

Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him.
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,

How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [*aside*
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will oe'r-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewel.

Cbi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and Others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,

I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fye, Publius; fye! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS, — Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron
and Demetrius.*

Cbi. Villains, forbear: we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she
bearing a bason, and be a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly-summer with your winter mix'd.

You

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,
 Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :
 My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :
 Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
 Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
 Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
 What would you say, if I should let you speak ?
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
 The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,
 And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
 Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;
 And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[He cuts their throats]
 Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it ;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet ; which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
 So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1. Goth. And ours with thine^s, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish.]
The trumpets shew, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and Others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.]

Enter

^s *And ours with thine,—* And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Enter TITUS, *dress'd like a cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*,
LUCIUS, and Others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills Lav

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made
blind.

I am as woeful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he
'To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your high-
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*killing Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*killing Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. Marcus, Lucius, and their partizans ascend the steps before Titus's house.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Left Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'ly to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*to Lucius.*] as erst our an-
cestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending

Lending your kind commiseration :

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale ;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother ;

And they it were that ravished our sister :

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded ;

Our father's tears despis'd ; and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies ;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend :

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood ;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas ! you know, I am no vaunter, I ;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise : O, pardon me ;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak ; Behold this child,

[pointing to the child in the arms of an attendant]

Of this was Tamora delivered ;

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes ;

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?

Have we done aught amiss ? Shew us wherein,

And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici

Will,

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal
 emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. descend.

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*to an attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail, Rome's gra-
 cious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
 For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
 Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*kisses Titus.*]
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
 To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,
 Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
 In that respect then, like a loving child,

Shed

b. i. e. We the poor remainder, &c. will cast us down.

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;

Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—

O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;

My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1. Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,

That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:

If any one relieves or pities him,

For the offence he dies. This is our doom:

Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth¹.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,

I should repent the evils I have done;

Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,

Would I perform, if I might have my will;

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By

¹ That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *rack'd* and *roasted* on the stage.

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state²;
That like events may ne'er it ruinat³.

[*Exeunt.*

² Then *will we apply ourselves* to regulate thest te. MALONE.

³ This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. THEOBALD.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne, but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing.

JOHNSON.

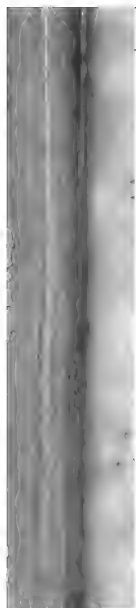
It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity, (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothic prepossessions,) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and the authour of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is Dr. Capell, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: "To the editor's eye [*i. e.* his own,] *Shakspeare stands confess'd*: the *third act* in particular may be read *with admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity."—It were injustice not to remark that the grand and pathetick, circumstances in this *third act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows.—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons, and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Dr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceding note.

MALONE.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

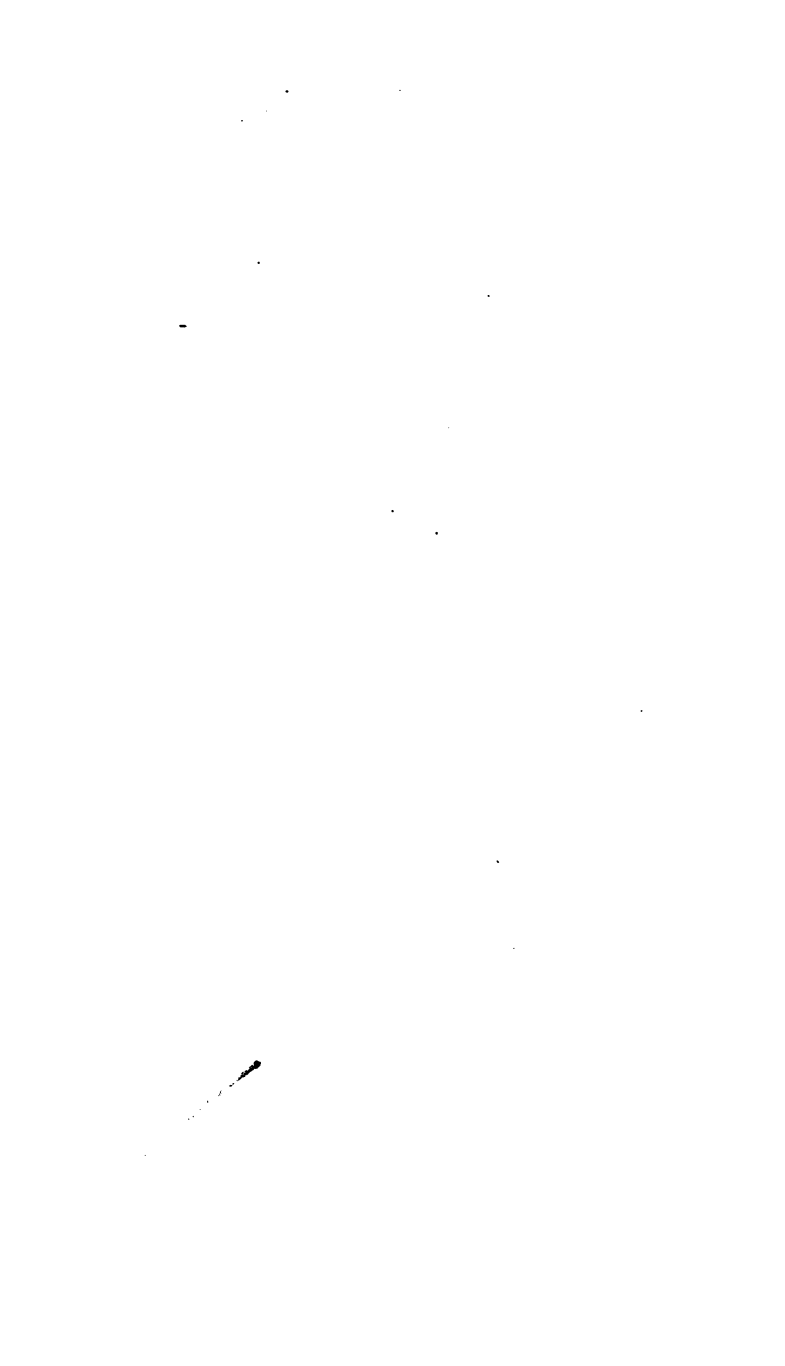
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